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The Week

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT'S speech to the Commonwealth Club in San Francisco is the high point, so far, in his campaign, although at the same time it is likely to be less well understood and to influence fewer votes than most of his other pronouncements. The country sadly needs a new and relevant understanding of such conceptions as individualism and democracy, a realistic sense of the relationship between government and industry. These Mr. Roosevelt develops with beautiful clarity, and on the basis of a true historical scholarship. He points out that we now have an economic government, more powerful for the moment than our constitutional machinery, and having more influence on the daily lives of the people. This is a government in which power is highly centralized within a small class, and is exercised with almost complete irresponsibility, for private ends. Mr. Roosevelt understands, as former populist and liberal leaders did not, that it is just as impossible and undesirable to break up this government into smaller units as it was in previous centuries to dissolve centralized national governments which had become oppressive. He sees that something more

is necessary than what Theodore Roosevelt demanded—a distinction between “good” and “bad” trusts, and a destruction of the latter. The whole economic government must be made responsible to its subjects; its activities must be organized to provide general sufficiency and security. Up to this point, Roosevelt's speech is of the sort which Norman Thomas ought to be making. But here his divergence occurs, in a strategy more temporizing than that of the Socialists. Instead of wanting to oust the present economic rulers and to establish a clear-cut democracy, he warns them to do the necessary job and threatens them with democratic restraints if they do not.

IN Portland, Mr. Roosevelt declared for campaign purposes his views on electric power and utility control, already well known from his activities in New York State. Republicans have tried to prove that Roosevelt's power policies differ little from Hoover's, because both men are, in general terms, for more effective regulation and for federal control of holding companies. Even here there are essential differences: Roosevelt is for the type of regulation which will actively represent the public, whereas the usual public-service commission regards itself as a judicial body mediating between the consumer and the utility, and passing only on issues which may arise. Roosevelt is definitely for lower rates wherever possible and for non-inflated valuations in order to make them possible; Hoover has never adopted this position. But the great difference, of course, is in Roosevelt's advocacy of publicly owned plants to act as “yardsticks” for private concerns and to set standards for them by public competition. Hoover has in every possible way abetted the efforts of the private utilities to keep Muscle Shoals from being publicly operated as such a yardstick; he is opposed to proposals for the public to supply its own power. Attempts to make it appear that there is no difference on this point because Hoover does not desire to alienate power sites already publicly owned are reminiscent of his disgraceful dodge on the Muscle Shoals question during the last campaign, when by a statement of this kind he led the Scripps-Howard papers to believe he favored public operation of the plant.

THE Democratic candidate's power stand, regarded as advanced two or three years ago, has in the light of more recent developments become almost conservative. Like so many of his other positions, it really amounts to a warning that private interests had better be good and deal honestly with investor and consumer, lest something more drastic happen to them. Some of the more careful students of the problem now believe, not only that holding companies ought to be regulated, but that many holding companies ought to be abolished entirely. Few of these aggregations represent logical groupings, such as would be made for purposes of efficient power administration in the interest of the public. Again, the public ownership of a few great central power stations as "yardsticks" is now believed a measure not likely to get us very far, unless the public can also own transmission and local distributing systems, as in Ontario. For it is in distribution that most of the excess costs and confusions lie, as far as domestic electric rates are concerned. There is a growing group which believes that the time has come when we ought to be advocating public ownership, not as potential competition against wicked private utilities, but for the sake of its own proved superior efficiency. Why try to rescue regulation, when it has so thoroughly broken down in the past?

DAYS go by without a declaration by Mr. Roosevelt on the bonus question. Every day makes it possible for his enemies to use this as a proof of his lack of courage, his willingness to dodge troublesome immediate issues which may cost him votes and to substitute fine generalities, the implications of which few voters understand. And every day that passes without a statement will undermine the force of any statement he may finally make. In contrast with this behavior, Mr. Hoover's position is supposed to embody courage and strength. We submit that however cowardly Mr. Roosevelt's silence may be, Mr. Hoover was forced into taking a position because he is the active head of the nation and Congress put the issue squarely up to him. He had to sign or veto. The President has no such record of courage on many other important questions—such as war debts and reparations. We also submit that however courageous Mr. Hoover's bonus stand may be, it is essentially a weak one. There would have been no such vigorous drive for immediate payment of sums due to veterans in 1945 if many veterans in hopeless want had seen any other prospect of relief. If Hoover could have said to them, "The nation owes you relief and will pay it to you, not because you are veterans but because you are unemployed workers and dispossessed farmers; go home and register for public unemployment insurance," he would have occupied a more defensible position. But his attitude toward all the needy is equally negative, when it comes to raising money by federal taxation to heal the wounds of depression.

AT THE meeting of the League of Nations Assembly, Eamon de Valera as President expressed the sentiments of nearly all the smaller powers which dominate that body. With the Lytton report on the Manchurian controversy in the immediate offing, he warned the League in plain words that its prestige is waning and that vigorous action should be taken to uphold its Covenant and laws, against great nations as well as against small. The application of this to Japan is clear enough. Even more pointed were the remarks of Señor de Madariaga, who chided Japan for having prejudiced the League's action in a pending controversy by recognizing Manchukuo, and reminded her that there is not only a controversy between Japan and China, but an unsettled dispute between Japan and the League. Obviously, the small powers take the League at its face value, and wish to have it act according to the plans of its designers. But the small powers have little to lose by such a policy. Britain and France, or even Germany and Italy, have given every indication of not wishing to execute sanctions against a powerful state, except when it is directly in their own interest to do so. That is the trouble with the sanctions system in a League resting so largely on the power of unregenerate imperialist nations. It is difficult to see how there can be any outcome of the existing crisis except to destroy the prestige of the League as a sanctions-executing body. In spite of the grave troubles in the Far East, this result will be as valuable, in our opinion, as the destruction of any other dangerous illusion.

MAHATMA Gandhi's hunger strike has terminated in a victory as complete as anyone could ask. The "Untouchables" and the higher-caste Hindus have agreed to abandon the proposed scheme for extra, special representation for the former, who will, however, have 148 seats reserved for them in the provincial legislatures. Some public funds will be devoted to educating the children of the Untouchables, and "a fair share" of representation is to be given them in the public services, from which they have heretofore been debarred. The higher-caste Hindus have pledged themselves to make a beginning of doing away with untouchability entirely. If they keep their word, the development is the most important in India in many years, and the crowning achievement of Mr. Gandhi's life. Full credit should be given the British government, which acted with unprecedented rapidity in accepting the decision of the Hindus and thus reduced the danger that Mr. Gandhi's fast would have a fatal termination.

LAST June, three students at the University of Pittsburgh were arrested on suspicion of planning to exercise their constitutional right of free speech. Major General Douglas MacArthur had been invited to deliver the commencement address, and it was alleged that these three anti-militarist stu-

dents were preparing to hold a protest meeting. Convicted in a local court, they appealed to Judge Michael A. Musmanno, who dismissed the case with a reprimand to the university authorities. These, he said, "denied the permit for the meeting and ordered the arrest of the boys in a manner that could and would be interpreted ordinarily as a curbing of free speech." The authorities answered him in their own fashion. When the ten thousand students of the university reassembled this fall, they were asked to sign the following pledge before being permitted to register:

While I am a student at the University of Pittsburgh I pledge, upon my honor, loyalty and allegiance to the Constitution of the United States of America, and to the Constitution and laws of the state of Pennsylvania; and I pledge, upon my honor, loyalty in spirit and in action to the purposes and regulations of the University of Pittsburgh.

There is something heroically funny about Chancellor Bowman of the university and his colleagues' attempting to set themselves up as co-equals of Jefferson and Hamilton—as expounders of constitutional law equal in standing to the Supreme Court. The Kaiser's "Me und Gott" was hardly more ridiculous. There is also something sinister about the fashion in which these gentlemen are attempting to misuse and prevent the laws of their country and the state of Pennsylvania. Having lost their case in court, on strictly constitutional grounds, they are now trying to revenge themselves on their students by using the Constitution itself as a form of extra-legal punishment. We suggest that the students asked to sign this pledge demand that Chancellor Bowman sign a pledge of his own, in which he declares his loyalty "in spirit and in action" to all of the Constitution—including those ten amendments which are known collectively as the Bill of Rights.

WERE it not for the growing hopelessness of the situation and the fact that news of the trials has completely disappeared from the pages of the metropolitan press, we would feel somewhat adverse to calling our readers' attention again to the fight which the Harlan miners, accused of conspiracy to murder, are making for their lives. Last week the sixth miner was sentenced to life imprisonment and the General Defense Committee, which is handling the case for the miners, reports that only the barest shred of hope remains for the remaining thirty-six who are still to be tried. As our readers know, these men are being found guilty by juries drawn from the Blue Grass section of the state, where the bitter and deep-seated antagonism toward organized labor offers little chance of sympathy for the workers' fight against poverty and starvation. Meanwhile, as one miner after the other is being led away to the penitentiary, the General Defense Committee announces that its funds are verging on complete collapse, and that

unless help is granted, labor in America may witness one of its major catastrophes.

THE government's lack of confidence in the honesty of the farmers to whom it loaned money for seed purchases last spring is revealed in an astonishing notice sent to business men who may have financial dealings with the borrowers. The business men are instructed that if they purchase crops from the borrowing farmers, they must, before paying the sellers, send to the government the amount of the loans. The farmers are not to be trusted to send the money themselves. One paragraph from the government's notice, signed by an assistant to Secretary of Agriculture Arthur M. Hyde, says: "It is earnestly requested that you lend your co-operation in the collection of the amounts due the Secretary of Agriculture as a result of these loans. In the purchase of crops from any individual it is requested that, before payment of the amount due, you consult these lists [of borrowers]. If you find that the individual whose crops you are about to buy secured a loan from this office, you are under obligation to see that the purchase money is applied to the payment of the debt due the Secretary of Agriculture, and you should draw the check in the amount of the proceeds of that particular transaction in favor of the Secretary of Agriculture and forward such check direct to this office or deliver it to our authorized field inspector." Some of the loans are as small as \$30, and, in the list that reached this office, none exceeded \$400. Interest is computed to November 30, 1932, and no mention is made in the government's notice of any refund if the loan is liquidated before that date.

ON Sunday, September 25, the Premier of the Spanish Republic handed over to Colonel Macia, the President of Catalonia, the bill of rights whereby the Catalan provinces become virtually a free state within the Spanish commonwealth. When leaders of the various anti-monarchic parties met together at San Sebastian in August, 1930, an agreement was made between the Catalan leaders and those of the west of Spain, whereby the price of the formers' support of a revolution should be a Catalan constitution in a form agreed to by a majority of the Catalans, expressing their opinion by plebiscite. The statute drawn up by Macia and his followers was submitted to the republican Cortes after an almost unanimous acceptance by the Catalans themselves, and in course of debate was considerably whittled down. It is this emasculated constitution which has been handed to Macia in Barcelona. Much anger was aroused in various parts of Spain by the government's attempt to make good the Pact of San Sebastian and there were those who expected Azana Diaz to fall in consequence. On the other hand, the success of Catalan separation, partial though it is, will stimulate similar movements elsewhere. The Basque country, the stronghold of clericalism, disgruntled

at the treatment of the Church, is seething with separatism and talks even of a separate concordat with the Vatican. Galicia looks back on generations of absentee landlordism in Madrid and would like to settle its economic problems independently. Andalusia is full of peasant revolt and Valencia sees its export trade of fruit ruined by a drastic tariff system. Nobody can pretend that the Spanish revolution is otherwise than in its initial stage. Meanwhile it will be interesting to see how the Catalans, who almost slavishly imitated Arthur Griffith and Michael Collins, will deal with their de Valeras.

AMERICAN newspapers recently showed a curious blindness in regard to an event of international importance. During the forenoon of Thursday, September 15, the National Assembly of Haiti, in a dramatic joint session of both chambers, unanimously rejected a treaty signed twelve days before by the Haitian Foreign Minister and the American Minister to Haiti. The Assembly's action, revealing the vigorous anti-American sentiment that is gaining ground in Haiti, is likely to have serious effects on our policy toward that country and, indirectly, on our standing elsewhere in Latin America. At least, since the State Department had announced when the treaty was signed that it marked the solution of a difficult problem, it would seem to follow that the rejection would restore at least as serious a problem. Yet it was not until five days later, on September 20, that the first word appeared in New York papers. Even then, the State Department waited until late that day to confirm the news, contenting itself earlier with the statement that it had not been advised. The United Press had its five-days-late dispatch direct from Port-au-Prince, but the Associated Press, trailing many hours, contented itself with a brief item out of Washington. Is this, we wonder, a result of having Marine Corps officers as press correspondents? They have in the past been accused of bias, but here they apparently weren't even familiar enough with what was happening in the country to recognize what may be the most important of recent developments in our Latin American policy.

ACCORDING to standards almost classic, a peaceful change of president in Mexico should be "news." What, apparently, could be more unprecedented than for Pascual Ortiz Rubio quietly to resign the presidency for reasons of "health," and for Congress to elect General Abelardo Rodriguez as his successor? Actually the uneventfulness of the transfer of an office so important is significant—but not with the significance ascribed to it in a press interview by former President Plutarco Elias Calles—namely, that democratic procedure is now flourishing on Mexican soil. The shift took place because Calles, who had elevated Ortiz Rubio, decided to put in someone else, much as a corporation head would fire an inefficient office manager—and for about the corresponding reasons. No issue was

involved but the internal routine of division of the spoils, in which Calles and his National Revolutionary party required a capable subexecutive. Rodriguez had shown his mettle as Governor of the northern district of Baja California, by converting the border activities patronized by Americans—*cantinas*, gambling, racing, brothels—into lucrative perquisites. Congress approved the president-designate viva voce. The only flaw in its performance was its flawlessness. Not even one little speech of dissent, one "scattering" vote, to preserve the illusion.

THE historic significance of the event is that it marks the completion of the cycle since the fall of the Porfirio Diaz dictatorship. Calles has become the dictator of post-revolutionary Mexico, varying the Porfirian formula by not holding the presidency himself, but ruling from the quasi-retirement of one of the numerous *haciendas* which agrarian reform has brought him. The net result of nearly a quarter-century of blood and anguish would seem to be, as in the French proverb, that the more things change, the more they stay the same. "Effective suffrage and no reëlection," the objectives of the movement which overthrew Diaz, are no longer honored even in the breach—they have disappeared from the official buncombe. Those lands of the *latifundia*, destined under the revolutionary program for the destitute Indian peons, which have not passed to some general or *politico*, are being sold for a song to Americans, to enable former owners to escape total loss. The labor movement, created by Calles, having served its purpose, has now been dismantled by him. The education program is approaching the vanishing point. The only "ism" surviving in Mexico today is tourism.

People Do Starve

NOT LONG ago, a national conference was held in Washington, attended by representatives, from all parts of the country, of organizations which will be helping this winter in the care of the unemployed. It was frankly recognized that the need will be serious in the extreme, and those present pledged themselves to work to meet it.

It would be difficult to overestimate the situation in the United States. The number of the unemployed is now almost everywhere admitted to be at least ten millions, and may be as many as twelve. Their dependents probably constitute at least another ten or twelve millions, and millions more are on part-time work which does not give them money enough to meet their necessities. Careful estimates have been made that, in all, thirty or thirty-five million people may need some degree of assistance this winter. Against this fact is the increasing exhaustion of all funds, public and private. The greatest source of relief is of course the charity of the poor to the poor; then comes

aid by municipalities, counties or states (plus, at last, the federal government); then, as a very poor third, formal charity, which accounts for only a third to a quarter of the total of organized assistance. Every one of these is dwindling. Many cities have reached their legal debt limit; they have put taxes on real estate until the law of diminishing returns has begun to operate. The drying up of funds for private charity is too obvious to need demonstration.

The government, in the two-billion-dollar relief bill passed at the last session of Congress, included \$300,000,000 for direct aid to the states. Even assuming that this money is distributed, and wisely distributed, it is pitifully inadequate in comparison with the need. Without deducting the large expense of administrations, it is only \$9 or \$10 for each of the probable number of persons who will need food, fuel, clothing and shelter during a period which is likely to prove many months long.

President Hoover, in his speech to the Washington conference, made three characteristic misstatements. He said, as usual, that "no one must starve," with the implication that no one has starved in the past. This statement is simply not true. To the public hospitals of New York City alone, last winter, ninety-five people were admitted suffering from starvation and twenty of these died. One hundred and forty-three more were victims of malnutrition, which means practically the same thing, and of these twenty-five died. This in New York, which has less than 6 percent of the nation's population. These figures, moreover, do not include those who did not get into the hospitals, or were listed as dying of some other, starvation-induced, disease. Again, the President assumed that private charity has been carrying the burden, although as we have just indicated, it does not. And finally, he made the terrible tactical blunder of telling his hearers (and the country) that this is the last winter of the depression. He has, of course, no means of knowing whether or not this statement is true. Even if it is, he has probably made the collection of money more difficult, since people will feel that it does not now much matter whether they aid or not; and if it isn't true, he has created a fearful psychological obstacle to next year's campaign.

It needs to be emphasized strongly that the famous "upturn" about which Mr. Hoover and his aides have been talking so much is at present almost entirely mental. Business is still bumping along practically at the bottom. Even where increases in employment have been registered, they are usually in terms of one or two percent at most; and since the figures are based on present conditions, this means an increase of perhaps one-half or one percent, in terms of the pre-depression "normal." Despite all the optimistic propaganda which is again filling the columns of the daily press, no informed person believes that the improvement, if there is one, will be more than ex-

tremely gradual. It would be taking a desperate and inexcusable risk to expect the betterment of conditions to decrease the burden of unemployment this winter.

Despite the shortness of funds, many cities are sticking to the idea of "making work." With the moral support of the federal authorities, they argue that direct relief tends toward pauperization, and therefore they arrange to have the recipient of charity do some sort of perfunctory labor in exchange for the right to live. There are several grave objections to this procedure. The applicant is often a white-collar man, entirely unsuited to the rough out-of-door labor which is provided. In some cases, city workers (in parks, for instance) have been dismissed in order to have their places taken by those obtaining relief. It ought to be obvious, finally, that a hundred dollars spent in this way does not go nearly so far as a hundred dollars put into straight relief.

Even more serious is the doctrine of "spreading work" which is so widely practised. If there are fifty people employed, and fifty out of work, this policy puts the whole hundred on half-time so that all of them can earn at least a little. But the trouble is that the fifty who are reduced from whole to half-time can't live on what they get, and soon become applicants for public aid. Instead of having fifty people who are subjected to the humiliation of assistance, you now have a hundred. Even if this does not occur, the burden of relief has been transferred from contributors and taxpayers to underpaid workers.

At best, the relief which is usually available is no more than sufficient to keep body and soul together—if, indeed, it does so much as that. In New York City, the assistance *per family* of those totally unemployed has gone as low as \$2.39 a week, or about fifty-one cents per person. This is less than eight cents a day for each individual, to be compared with thirty to forty cents which is what the American Army and Navy say they need to feed an able-bodied adult for a day. In few cities has the assistance given gone above \$3 or \$4 per family per week. And of course, in every community there are large numbers who are ineligible for any relief whatever. This is true in most cities if your legal residence is somewhere else. It is true in part of the South and West if you are a Negro or a Mexican. It is often true of old people if they have children who should support them, even though support is not provided.

The wastefulness and inefficiency of the relief given are a chapter in themselves. This country was not organized to deal with any such emergency as it has confronted, and such machinery as existed has all but broken down under the strain. People have been given the wrong food, not enough food, too much food. Grafting politicians have stolen the money. Appallingly large sums have gone into the red tape of administration.

It is impossible to look back upon America's

record in the depression without a profound sense of shame. From the beginning we have refused to recognize the seriousness of the situation, have tried to shift responsibility from one group to another, have taken needed steps too late and halfheartedly, have tried to avoid admitting that there is a social responsibility for a situation which is obviously society's fault. This attitude has been bad enough in the past; it is likely to prove absolutely disastrous this winter. When Congress reassembles in December, its first act should be to see to it that Mr. Hoover's heretofore false boast about starvation shall be made good at least as far as it is humanly possible to do so.

Potting and Kettling

FROM THE way in which the Communist and Socialist parties are fighting each other in this campaign, one might infer that there was something immediately at stake, that they conceived of themselves as Republican or Democratic organizations, one of which was sure to win power at the expense of the other. One might infer this, that is, if the animosity between the two sects were not far more fierce than that between the old parties. It would appear that the leaders of each think it more important to put the other out of business than to make progress toward substituting socialism for capitalism.

The immediate occasion for these remarks is a column by Heywood Broun, who is a prominent Socialist, in the syndicate of newspapers for which he works, about William Z. Foster and the Communists. Foster has withdrawn from active campaigning on the insistence of his physician, because of serious heart trouble brought on by overexertion. Mr. Broun insinuated that Foster is not really sick, but has been recalled and expelled by his party. The Communists vigorously denied it. Mr. Broun later atoned for this unsportsmanlike act by a handsome retraction. He might also defend his original statement by citing the lies which Communists have told about him and other Socialists in the past. If laid end to end, Communist lies about Socialists would very likely go around the solar system more times than Socialist lies about Communists. But it is time for perplexed voters to insist that at least one of the radical parties stick to the main job. Otherwise radicals will be inclined to cast a protest vote for Hoover.

Mr. Broun's rancor did not stop at Foster, but included flings at a group of literary men, some of them of real distinction, who recently signed a statement supporting Foster in this campaign, and against *The New Republic*, although it has announced its support of Norman Thomas. In this connection Mr. Broun made another misstatement, which he subsequently corrected. He said that the "haul" of the Communists includes "three *New Republic* editors of assorted sizes," one of

whom they "threw back." No *New Republic* editor is a Communist, none ever has been, none has ever been "thrown back." One editor did sign the statement of literary men referred to above, just as John Dewey and many others, without being Socialists, have signed statements in behalf of Norman Thomas. That is all.

It is this sort of thing which keeps many intelligent persons, whether in the labor movement or out of it, from wanting to affiliate themselves closely with any of the groups which pretend to working-class leadership—without really having it. If labor could ever find a group of leaders in the political field who did not waste their energies in bad-tempered and absurd squabbles, it might decide to do a little following.

The Wisconsin Earthquake

IF MR. Hoover rejoiced at the result of the Wisconsin Republican primary, as his friends say, he is easily pleased. True, the progressive La Follette regime was crushed by the conservative "Stalwarts"; but there is no evidence whatever that this meant a victory for Mr. Hoover, or implied that he will carry Wisconsin in November. On the contrary, his name was hardly mentioned in the pre-primary campaign, which was fought on local issues.

Of great importance was the fact that many thousands of progressive Democrats who have heretofore voted (as the state's laws permit) in the Republican primaries and in favor of the La Follettes, went back to their own party, believing that they will win in November and feeling that nominating the right Democratic candidates is, for the first time in many years, of more than academic interest. The testimony of reliable witnesses is that the election was also, in part, resentment against anyone who is in office—the sheer desire for a change, which operated so disastrously against the Democrats in 1920. But this sentiment seems likely to injure Hoover in November as it did Governor La Follette and Senator Blaine in September.

Only one item of progressive legislation, put through by Governor La Follette, is believed to have had any important effect upon the election result. He introduced a state income tax which is, by present-day standards, rather onerous. The proceeds were to be used chiefly for relief of the unemployed; one of the plans was to eliminate every railroad grade crossing in the state. Two things went wrong: it was found that eliminating grade crossings nowadays means employing more machines than men, so that the relief to the unemployed was disappointingly small; and the income tax could not be collected—and has been suspended in some districts—because people simply did not have the money to pay it. There is little doubt that Governor La Follette could have carried the state with him in his financial and social program, in normal times.

Mr. Chapple, the youthful editor who defeated Senator Blaine for the Republican senatorial nomination, conducted a campaign of slander against the State University, alleging that it was teaching "Bolshevism" with the approval of the La Follette group, and this campaign may have had a certain degree of effectiveness with the more ignorant and gullible elements in the population. This was probably of little importance, however, compared with the other factors listed above. Mr. Blaine ran far behind the Stalwart candidate for Governor, Mr. Kohler. These things strongly suggest that the Republican struggle in the primary was mere shadow boxing, anyway, and that the Democrats will win in the election. But whether they do or not, the work of the La Follettes over a period of forty years will not be lost. Wisconsin is now, and will continue to be, a better place because of their efforts.

Who Can Organize the Victims?

EVER SINCE the depression began, people have been expecting those most affected by it to make themselves heard and felt. The unemployed certainly have a stake in relief which is more vital than that of those who pay the dole—charitable contributors and taxpayers whose interests are represented by politicians and newspapers. Workers whose wages are being cut below subsistence levels ought, above all others, to be heard about wage-cutting policies. These and all other members of the wage-earning class should be more vitally interested than anyone else, except the destitute farmers, in a reorganization of society which could offer them security and better standards in the future.

The official labor movement—a loose federation of established unions which fails to cover many important industries—has made little attempt to organize the worst sufferers from depression and has been prevented by its conservative philosophy from pressing vigorously for a new social order. The Socialist party, its eyes concentrated on gathering votes and preaching general doctrines, has not until recently paid much attention to actual organization of workers in the field. The Communists, who in theory are more concerned about mass movements and who have devoted considerable energy to field work, have not been conspicuously successful in building permanent labor organizations, though they have led a number of unemployment demonstrations.

Another group, however, working along this line, seems to be having a higher degree of success. This is the Conference for Progressive Labor Action, which has been operating for a number of years, and has recently had its first convention. It has helped to organize and lead strikes of miners in West Virginia and elsewhere, textile strikes in the

South, in New Jersey and Pennsylvania, and it has stimulated the organization of unemployed leagues in numerous localities, which have performed real services for their members. Its inspiration has been derived principally from the faculty and graduates of Brookwood Labor College.

This organization not only calls for an eventual workers' republic to operate a planned society in the interest of the masses, but concentrates on practical work and immediate struggles, with the aim of building a strong labor movement both economically and politically. It is not itself a tight sect competing either with the A. F. of L. unions or existing radical parties, but is willing to work with and through any organization which will cooperate in the main job. It does not devote its energies to denouncing rival groups, but rather strives by its acts to prove to the workers that there is a leadership which is worthy of their confidence. Its members, grouped both by locality and industry, are in many cases members or prospective members of the old unions who want aggressive action and who stimulate their associates to undertake it. Its organizers have in several instances cooperated closely with the established unions. In other instances, where the old unions could not or would not undertake the job—as in West Virginia and Illinois—new unions have been formed.

One of the advantages of this group appears to be a combination of practical good sense and energetic devotion to the cause which is lacking in many sectors of the labor movement. Experienced men frequently have not the ardor to advance under troublesome conditions, while the more radical theorists often do not know, or do not practise, the difficult art of successful organization and administration in labor struggles—which, after all, is as much a skilled job as the successful administration of a factory. It is an almost inconceivably heroic task to create an effective labor movement in the United States and weld it together for action, but all those who look upon such a consummation as an essential condition for basic change should watch with sympathetic interest the activities of the C. P. L. A.

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William Z. Foster

A Henry Ford of the Labor Movement

IT IS SILLY to imagine William Z. Foster in the White House, accepting Thanksgiving turkeys, receiving delegations of boy scouts, writing messages to Congress, going to fishing camps in the summer. Formally, he is the Communists' presidential candidate, but really he is not that. He is a leader of a movement which aspires, not to elect officials, but to abolish the existing state entirely. You don't discuss Foster's qualifications for the presidency as you would discuss Hoover's or Roosevelt's; you discuss his qualifications as an engineer of revolution.

One who approaches Foster through the aura of the Russian Revolution, Communist jargon and the extensive program of "liquidations" which he proposes to apply to American institutions and groups, expects a more formidable personage than he finds when he meets Bill Foster, American workingman-intellectual. (The Z. does not stand for anything; it is just a publicity device to distinguish him from all the other Bill Fosters.) He was born in Taunton, Massachusetts; one of his first jobs was that of street-car conductor. Since then he has done almost anything that a workman can do. He has been a sailor, a mechanic, a builder of railroad cars. He has bummed his way about the country more than once on freight-car trucks. No bristling beard, flashing eyes or husky, loud voice mark him as the soap-box agitator. He is a tallish, thin Yankee with scanty hair, a slightly bulging forehead, a narrow chin and mobile mouth. His manner is mild; he has a ready smile; he talks conversationally in a somewhat plaintive tone. He comes from the same regional culture which produced Calvin Coolidge and (though he was born in Michigan) Henry Ford, Ralph Waldo Emerson and Henry Thoreau. In strange ways he has something in common with all of them. But of course it was not the New England of white farmhouses, of Concord and Walden Pond, or of the Harvard Yard which nurtured him, but the New England of dingy factories, clattering, narrow streets and dung-colored wooden tenements.

Three qualities I think of which link him with other noted Yankees. One is his sparseness of living, his personal economy. Of course he is not "thrifty" in the sense that he deprives himself for the purpose of saving; he just doesn't need money and seems to care nothing about it so long as he has a suit of clothes and the price of a meal. Coolidge spends little, not because at some future time he wants to have more to spend, but just because that is, to him, the natural and right way to

live. Ford is not interested in money for the sake of the luxury it can bring him. Thoreau made a cult of the spare way of living—a sort of defense reaction. Foster travels light simply because his head is full of other things. Ideas and movements are his food and drink, his work and play. I am sure he cannot understand why any sane person should want much money.

The second quality is a naïve and sanguine belief in obvious impossibilities, a dauntlessness in pursuing grandly logical ideas, irrespective of the contrary and illogical character of the world itself. Emerson and Thoreau taught the perfectibility of the individual through reason and self-discipline. They were not frightened by whole centuries of moral squalor; they believed in a new man. Coolidge, in his clamlike way, adhered to the preposterous ideal of an ever prosperous America, set apart from the miseries of the rest of the human race. Ford attempted the impossible with his peace ship, and attained the impossible by setting out, at a time when motor cars were luxuries, to make an automobile that everyone could own. Foster believes that in individualistic, acquisitive, middle-class America, the workers will seize power, organize industry for social efficiency and produce a classless society. For years he has been acting on that assumption, no matter how dim the prospect seemed. He does not have to pump up enthusiasm for the endeavor; though he sees many of the difficulties clearly enough, it seems to him bright and certain just because he has been convinced that it is logical.

The third quality saves his faith from being a mere dream-world compensation; in this he is particularly close to Henry Ford. He taps a ceaseless fountain of practical ingenuity in seeking his objective. The popular picture of the revolutionary radical is that of the impractical agitator whose whole activity is talking, who does nothing except indiscriminately play on people's emotions. Foster is not primarily a speaker; he has done a lot of it, but he has little of the virtuosity of the politician or preacher who knows how to put over his personality. It is difficult to imagine a glamor surrounding him, such as made Gene Debs a popular figure. On the contrary, he is an organizer primarily, a man who sets others to work, one who leads groups and movements, and leads them not just to think and be convinced, but to do specific things which he has laid out for them to do. He is an engineer of the labor movement in the same sense that Ford is an engineer of productive organization.

When I first saw Foster, he was running the great steel strike of 1919. That has always been, to me, a miracle of organization. The workers were scattered through mill towns in Pennsylvania, West Virginia, Ohio, Illinois and Indiana. They ranged in skill from the most technically competent traveling-crane operator to the husky slag shoveler. Racially they were split—as I remember it, the strike bulletins had to be issued in sixteen languages. These men had never been organized as a whole before; there had never been a general steel strike in this country. The employers were reactionary, immensely rich, powerful in national, state and local politics. Middle-class opinion and the press were pretty thoroughly ranged on the bosses' side. It was Foster's job to get these hundreds of thousands of scattered and divided workers into the unions, fight all the powers of money and politics even for the right to hold meetings and hire halls, bring the men out on strike together and keep them out, and defeat the army of labor spies and *provocateurs*, to say nothing of the deputy sheriffs, mounted constabularies and other openly labeled forces of "law and order" which did their best to break the morale of the strikers. And in doing this, he had to coordinate and conciliate the dozen or more A. F. of L. unions which claimed jurisdiction over the several crafts of steel workers. It must have been like driving a spirited twelve-horse team through No Man's Land during an artillery barrage.

Of course the strike did not win either an outright concession or a permanent union—though not long afterward the United States Steel Corporation did install the eight-hour day, which the employers had ridiculed and refused when the workers demanded it. But the strike did temporarily cripple the output of the industry, and it was stubbornly fought. Even though the movement was not successful, it was a triumph of organization. And this was what Foster took particular pride in. His report of it emphasized, for instance, the careful bookkeeping of receipts and expenditures, which proved that a strike could be conducted without graft and inefficiency.

Here was a most illuminating incident in his career. He did not utter a revolutionary word all through the strike, and neither did his lieutenants, so far as anyone was able to discover. This was the result of a deliberate plan. He had, in the past, been in succession a Socialist, a member of the I. W. W., a Syndicalist. He was convinced that there would sometime be a proletarian revolution in which the workers would take over industry, and that the instrumentality for doing so, and for running the plants after they were taken over, would be a series of powerful industrial unions. But he had also decided that these unions could not be built up out of mere revolutionary ardor, and in competition with the regular union movement. The first task was to

strengthen the existing unions and weld them together. That meant operating in the A. F. of L., carrying on a series of campaigns and strikes for limited objectives such as normally appeal to workers. With new ideas for practical organization he came to Chicago, where he was taken under the wing of John Fitzpatrick, veteran head of the Chicago Federation of Labor. He did not ask the regular labor officials to share his revolutionary ideas; he asked merely the chance to do the immediate job, which was in line with ordinary, aggressive unionism. If he was right about the ultimate goal, the future would take care of itself; if he was wrong, the union movement had nothing to lose. Fitzpatrick accepted him on these terms and vouched for him in the movement at large.

Here he developed the new type of organizing committee which brought recognition and collective bargaining to the packing-house workers. Then he turned to the steel campaign, where he used the same tactics of adapting traditional trade-union methods to the calling of an industrial strike and the building of an industrial union. He was willing to compromise with the competing craft organizations and even to refrain from saying and doing anything which could offend the conservative officialdom of the A. F. of L., because he thought he could, by temporarily traveling along their road, get closer to his goal. This was the mark, not of a doctrinaire or an agitator, but of a flexible, ingenious and practical mind, however far from opportunism it might be in its basic philosophy. He was engineering for a revolution, not agitating for it.

It was a delicate problem to maintain this attitude throughout the flood of publicity which poured over the strike. The employers, of course, denounced the whole movement as the product of radicalism. Strike leaders responded that the men merely demanded the eight-hour day, higher wages and better conditions—and this was the truth. When pressed by sympathetic investigators, Foster would reply that his private views were not at issue, that the strike was an open movement with declared aims adopted by the men themselves, and that it was being conducted without violence. That was also true. The whole power of the union command was directed against violent outbreaks. It was no part of Foster's plan to allow premature and disastrous conflict; his immediate job was building the union. When Foster was being examined by a Senate Committee, someone asked him what was the main source of his opinions about social affairs. Much to the surprise of the inquisitors, who probably expected to hear the name of some famous Socialist or Anarchist, he replied that it was the writings of Lester F. Ward. None of them had heard of this pioneer American sociologist. But the answer was true. Foster had adapted Ward's ideas to the process of social change by means of a militant labor movement.

After the steel strike he proceeded for a while on the same line. I remember a meeting of liberal editors and writers which he called in New York. He emphasized the importance to labor of correct intellectual attitudes on the part of these writers; he rebuked them for their hostility toward the A. F. of L., saying that in spite of all its faults this was the only substantial movement of the workers. The thing to do was to support it against its enemies, meanwhile trying to strengthen and improve it from the inside. Reforming it was the job, not of intellectual critics, but of militant groups of workers within the unions.

This represented the famous "boring from within" policy for which Foster was soon denounced by conservative union leaders. As far back as the steel strike they had distrusted him. Although they tolerated him because of Fitzpatrick's influence, they had done little to help the strike and, in some instances, so it was believed by Foster, actually sabotaged it. They thought he was sailing under false colors—just as certain middle-class commentators who had supported the strike accused Foster of lack of candor when they found out what his real views were. His Yankee ingenuity began to look like trickery and treachery, especially to labor officials who knew that their jobs would be endangered by a growth of the radical wing. Foster's Trade Union Educational League—an organization of militant centers in the several trades which, he took pains to explain, was not trying to found rival unions—soon got into trouble. Wholesale expulsions of its members followed. The officialdom of the movement would not tolerate the attempt to reform it for revolutionary purposes. It was about this time that Foster became converted to Communism, largely as a result, it is said, of reading Lenin's pamphlet on trade unionism.

All along Foster had been suspicious of the reaction of the regular union officials—suspicion of non-revolutionaries is one of his dominant traits. Now he veered about to the tactics of starting new labor organizations whenever the chance to control existing unions from the inside was denied. This was described by Foster's labor enemies as a "rule or ruin" policy. It led him into conflict even with the most progressive and successful of the unions, like the Amalgamated Clothing Workers.

Foster also had his troubles within the Communist party, confused as it was with dogmatic schisms and personal jealousies. Eventually he came out on top and his enemies were expelled. Just how this happened is a matter of dispute. His opponents charge that his leadership was forced on the American party from Moscow. His adherents reply that when the majority were instructed as to the correct party line, they changed their minds and supported him. At any rate he was at length freed to build a revolutionary labor movement as best he could.

And here comes the puzzling part of the story. This ingenious, capable and infinitely persistent man, experienced as few trade-union leaders are in the technique of great mass movements, and affiliated for the first time with a worldwide party which has the immense prestige of having carried through a successful revolution in one of the greatest nations of the earth, has, in ten years of work, barely produced the vestige of a revolutionary labor movement in the United States.

There is a series of skeleton "unions" in various industries, affiliated with the Communist Trade Union Unity League. There is an unknown number of Communist "cells" in factories, mills and mines, and in some conservative unions. Communist leadership has been active in several strikes. Nevertheless, there is no Communist labor organization anywhere strong enough to exert even elementary union control over wages and hours, if we except a Fur Workers' Union in New York City, largely composed of persons of Russian extraction.

This is not because the official Communist tactics are opposed to building permanent, strong unions under capitalism, capable of engaging in collective bargaining. Quite the contrary. They do not, like the I.W.W. in the past, sanction mere guerilla warfare without any attempt to maintain permanent organization. They do not oppose union contracts with employers. It is a fundamental tenet of the Communist creed that a revolutionary movement cannot be founded on anything except organization of the workers. Some of their most bitter criticism of the Socialists rests on the fact that the Socialist party in the United States has no basis in labor organization. Yet if one looks at facts instead of hopes and theories, it must be admitted that the Communist movement at this writing is no more a genuine labor movement than is the Socialist. It is merely one of several groups competing for leadership of a labor movement yet to be created.

What is the solution of this puzzle? For light on it I went to an American Communist leader who has perhaps the best mind in the party. He adheres, of course, to the belief that capitalism is collapsing, now visibly and rapidly, as it was invisibly before the crash of 1929. This ought, theoretically, to be a favorable time to organize a revolutionary labor movement. He rejected the idea that unions could be built up only in prosperous periods, when it is easier to run strikes and gain concrete advances in wages and hours. Though he admitted difficulties in the way, these could not, according to his faith, be interpreted as impossibilities, nor could they excuse Communist failure to make substantial advances. His only explanation was inexperience in the ranks of the Communists, lack of good enough personnel. This explanation seems to me superficial, in view of Foster's proved ability and his successes with inadequate human material in 1919 and before.

The explanation of militant labor leaders outside the Communist party is similar, though less friendly in expression. The Communists, they say, use technical revolutionary language far from the experience of American workers. They are always trying to make a showing by climbing on somebody else's band wagon—by claiming the credit for strikes they did not organize, by attempting to oust other leaders, calling them traitors and enemies of the working class. To discredit their rivals they tell lies which are readily discovered by the masses. They are so free with abuse of leaders in other camps that the workers lose confidence in all leadership, Communist and non-Communist. The inner quarrels of labor and revolutionary professionals prevent any movement from having sufficient prestige to attract the rank and file.

There is some truth in this view, but again it seems superficial, a matter of tactical rather than of strategical considerations. If the masses can be prevented from acting in their own interest merely because aspirants to leadership squabble, there is not much substance in the revolutionary faith anyway. I do not mean to underemphasize the desirability of unity and discipline on the labor front, but if we are to experience so vast and fundamental a social phenomenon as revolution, I cannot believe that temporary lack of labor unity would turn the course of history.

The puzzle cannot be solved off-hand, but a possible answer may be suggested. When Foster scored his great successes, he was floating with the tide, not swimming against it. The labor movement, invigorated by its advance during the War, enjoyed an immense prestige. Unemployment was at a low ebb; the worker's fear for his job was small. Strike after strike had been won, higher standards had been gained, new unions had been established in industry after industry. Here was

the chance for the skilled organizer. Foster used it, just as Henry Ford used the favorable circumstances provided by the growth of machine industry and wider markets which set the conditions of mass production. The era of the engineer arrives when natural forces give him the materials with which to work.

But now we are in an interregnum between expanding capitalism, which gives bargaining labor organizations a chance to demand a larger share of the surplus, and the kind of social situation in which a mass revolutionary movement is conceivable. Communist discipline and tactics might begin to work broadly once the masses were ready for revolt and on the march. But in the meantime no such party can hope to be more than an agitational minority in its external relationships, no matter how thoroughly it may train for future action in its internal practice. It is like a skeletonized standing army before war breaks out. Foster no doubt contributes much to the internal preparation of his party. But he is not primarily an agitator. And, anyway, agitation by radicals could not do the job. The situation is not really so revolutionary as the Communists imagine. Changes, movements and classes with which they have not reckoned must come into play if it is to become so. In order to build a real labor movement Foster must either await the return of conditions similar to those of 1918 and 1919, and then adopt the unifying type of strategy he employed at that time, or await a triumphant and self-assured revolutionary mood of the masses, which no Communist can create any more than Henry Ford can create buyers for his cars. Like most good generals, Foster could command an army—even a ragged and hungry army—but he cannot improvise one.

GEORGE SOULE.

The Cross of Gold: 1932

AS A RESULT of the current depression, twenty-three nations have already abandoned the gold standard while others seem ready to do so. It has even been suggested that our own gold-laden United States should abandon it. Though bankers, economists, publicists have outlined panaceas *ad nauseam*, the fundamental problem of gold supply has been carefully ignored. It is true that many "experts" have admitted that the present depression is in some measure due to the fear of declining gold production in the future, but though issuing warnings, they offer few suggestions of remedy. It is a curious anomaly that the modern capitalistic state should be so little concerned with the production of a metal held to be its life blood.

Gold, having no more than an ornamental value intrinsically, but being of prime economic and political importance, should be nationalized by all responsible governments. The gold standard is welded to the capitalistic system, making a steady supply of the metal vitally necessary. For this reason it is of paramount importance for the government to take production away from individuals who are motivated solely by profit, and expropriate all gold deposits, future as well as present. This would be a logical development of the international agreement which fixed the value of gold at \$20.67 an ounce, the bonus granted by the Australian government to induce greater output among gold producers, or the federal mining bank of Chile which aids worthy gold-mining projects. Gov-

ernment operation of gold mines would at once eliminate enormous entrepreneur wastes, eradicate public losses arising from promotions, open up marginal low-grade deposits and lessen the uncertainty of a future supply.

Gold is among the most difficult of elements to find in any large quantities. Its natural occurrence is relatively infinitesimal. For example, an ore worth seven dollars, which is the average grade in the Rand goldfields now supplying 50 percent of the world's production, indicates one third of an ounce gold to a ton of rock, or one part metal to 80,000 parts waste gangue. Mines, accordingly, must undergo considerable lateral and vertical development before their worth is satisfactorily demonstrated. Underground exploration requires money, and in most cases is considered a very risky speculation. Large mining companies have generally concentrated upon the base metals such as copper, lead or zinc, where opportunities for bonanzas are greater and far less speculative. Much as bankers desire a continued flow of gold, they are quick to avoid participating in anything so risky as the development of a gold prospect.

Who, then, sponsors the development of gold mines? The answer is to be found in the history of the American West and Canada. To mention only a few outstanding examples: The Comstock Lode owed its first real development to MacKay and Fair, immigrant farmer boys; Cripple Creek to Womack and Stratton, cowboy and carpenter; Delamar, Idaho, to sea-captain Delamar; Homestake to prospector-miner Hearst; Porcupine, Ontario, to Timmins, storekeeper; Kirkland Lake to roustabout Oakes and mechanic Wende. The important business of producing gold had gravitated to strangely unorthodox hands, governments merely standing by to impose taxes and purchase the metal.

To obtain money for exploitation, the prospector with supposedly favorable "ground" can himself organize a company and sell stock, he can submit the property to a mining company of recognized standing, obtain the backing of a syndicate, or affiliate with a promoter.

The intricacies of finance and security merchandising are far removed from the prospector's "line," and so the first method is generally discarded.

Mining companies usually maintain exploration departments to which hundreds of properties are submitted yearly. Because of the cost of field reports and the unreliability of data, few of the prospects receive more than superficial consideration. In the aggregate, exploration has not proved remunerative in the last decade, and the majority of engineers are unwilling to jeopardize their position by recommendations which might easily result in the fruitless expenditure of large sums. At best, the prospector is offered only a small equity in his own property, and so he turns elsewhere.

The syndicate is possible, but to the average bushwhacker without connections or previous suc-

cess in mining, this possibility, too, is practically out of the question. As a result, recourse is made to the promoter.

The character of any promotion is not easy to determine, for the legal aspects are extremely involved. In the heyday of the American West no mining camp was complete without its horde of promoters and stock exchanges. Speculation rivaled faro and roulette, and the mails provided a convenient medium for the eastward spread of "sucker" literature. Many a desert parcel was capitalized and sold to innocent investors for millions of dollars. At the height of his career, one famous promoter (now cooling his heels in jail) spent \$40,000 weekly in first-class postage alone, his theory being that clients responded to the subtle flattery of personal attention.

When the failure of a large number of mining schemes deflated speculation, mining promotion dwindled to a tiny stream. Thereupon the alert promoter turned elsewhere. Canada during 1924-1929 provided a rare opportunity for reenacting the American tragedy in the West. Old tactics, garnished by modern speed and high-pressure devices, obtained swift results. The extent of wild-cat trading became enormous. In 1928, a record year, stock commissions aggregated more than the dividend payments of established gold mines, and in many individual cases greatly exceeded the inflated capitalized values of the new companies. When, in 1930, bucket trading reached climactic proportions, the attorney-general of Ontario took a hand, and in short order the offenders were sent to the penitentiary. But incalculable damage had been inflicted upon the public.

There has been a growing tendency among promoters to employ the respectable English plan of holding companies. By this system companies within companies are formed in rapid succession. The inner directorates are free to gather stock profits long before an ounce of metal is produced.

It is difficult to estimate the enormous losses which have accompanied rugged individualism in gold mining. An old observer in the industry recently stated, "... if all the expenditures ... were added together and divided by the number of ounces produced, the cost per ounce would likely be nearer \$40 than \$20.67. Indeed, it might greatly exceed \$40."

As new gold-field possibilities, there are only small sections of the earth's surface still open for development. These are largely in Canada, Africa, Australia and New Guinea. It has become increasingly evident that the future gold supply is dependent upon large-scale operation of low-grade deposits. There are several such areas in the United States that could be worked advantageously, notably Cripple Creek, Colorado, with a past production of \$400,000,000. But the camp is now hopelessly split into many small private companies. The task of incorporating these various conflicting interests into a single management for the purpose of whole-

sale mining would be insurmountable, except by the government.

The suggestion of government operation of gold mines will undoubtedly evoke a storm of protest from the keep-the-government-out-of-business cohorts, though these sterling champions of private initiative have not hesitated to obtain aid from Washington when individualism became just a bit

too rugged. It is a revealing commentary on our unplanned society that so vital a function as the gold supply should have been passively allocated to miscellaneous promoters whose one concern is profit. But the time has now come for those who have been responsible for the inception of the gold standard to take logical steps ensuring its more equitable operation.

ARNOLD HOFFMAN.

Samuel Insull

III: *The Collapse*

EVEN AFTER the initial stock-market crash, that first thunderous warning of collapse, Samuel Insull continued to pile new holding companies, new operating companies, upon the crazy structure he had erected during the boom. The struggle for supremacy was on; he knew no restraint.

Acquisition of the National Electric Power Company and the National Public Service Corporation, a direct blow at the rival camp, served to entrench him in every Eastern state. The fight in Maine had been long and bitter. There, too, Insull had entered the political field, but with less success than in Chicago. He sought, in vain, the repeal of the Fernald Act, which forbids the export of power to other states. This law was, in effect, an iron ring around the Insull utilities in Maine, especially since the interests opposed to Insull bought other utilities in such a way as to constitute an encircling movement, hemming in his plants so that they were able to sell only a fraction of the power they were capable of producing. In an attempt to circumvent this movement, Insull encouraged, and even gave active financial support to, such power-consuming industries as paper and textiles. This venture outside his own field was a serious error, resulting in heavy losses. The identity of the interests opposed to Insull in the Eastern field may never be known; they have been referred to as "a powerful New York bank."

There are three principal reasons why Insull failed, of which one was the complexity of the Insull empire. No one but Insull himself knew all its tortuous ramifications. The wonder is that it lasted as long as it did. Consider one section of this crazy pyramid of holding companies.

The Commonwealth-Edison Company, the nucleus of Insull's utility empire, had an appendage in the form of the Commonwealth Subsidiary Corporation; this operating company was the tail that wagged the dog. It served one direct end; it made it possible to invest the surplus revenue of the parent company in stocks and bonds of other utility companies, a practice otherwise prevented by law. In March, in response to persistent rumors that

Commonwealth Subsidiary held large blocks of unsound holding-company stocks, Insull disclosed in a public statement how the funds of this subsidiary were invested.

Of \$122,343,873 in assets, \$63,604,445, or 56.3 of the total, was invested in other utility companies—Western United Corporation, Illinois Northern Utilities Company, Public Service Company of Northern Illinois, and others; \$6,663,625 represented holdings "which were not in the nature of permanent investments," including \$123,453 of the then almost worthless Utilities Securities Company, an Insull stock-selling corporation.

The Commonwealth-Edison Company had an interest of \$90,748,700 in its subsidiary. At the same time, Commonwealth Subsidiary held \$3,746,379 of Commonwealth-Edison stock. Thus a certain percentage of profit from the Chicago electric system went to its subsidiary, which passed it back again to the basic company. The dog owned the tail that wagged the dog that owned the tail that wagged the dog. But Insull had a special present in the Commonwealth Subsidiary portfolio for good little stockholders.

At the end of his statement he listed among the assets of the subsidiary: "Coal Interests, \$9,559,657 and 8.5 percent of the total. The Commonwealth-Edison Company has protected its fuel supply for years to come through ownership by the subsidiary in the Peabody Coal Company and complete ownership of the Chicago and Illinois Midland Railways Company, the coal carrier which operates its mines." Insull could not have been unaware of the fact that in 1930 the Peabody Coal Company charged the Commonwealth-Edison Company \$1 to \$1.50 more per ton for coal than the market price for the grade which the Edison Company requires for its purposes. The annual report of the company, on file with the Illinois Commerce Commission, shows that the coal used that year was of all grades, but as the Edison plants crush their coal into a powdered form, it was unnecessary to buy the more select grades, and the fact that they did so was for the convenience of the coal company only—so that the latter might underbid other coal

companies on contracts to supply state institutions and thus dominate the coal market. That is one way in which a subsidiary bled the parent company, to the cost of consumers; but there were other more direct methods. Evidence indicates that it was common practice to employ an investment subsidiary in order to drain an operating company of valuable assets.

The wreckage is still in appalling confusion. Receivers are only beginning to untangle the principal threads. In requesting the receiver and his attorneys to take as fees smaller sums than allowed by law, to conserve something for stockholders, Federal Judge Walter C. Lindley said the other day of Insull Utility Investments, Inc., "The condition of the corporation was one of utter demoralization and bewildering complications. This condition necessitated laborious service on the part of the receivers and their counsel. . . ."

The first report of the receiver a few days later showed a deficit of \$226,510,976 in the accounts of this corporation. The available assets were listed at only \$27,473,364. There are 4,240,897 shares of the stock outstanding. The auditors found "inconsistency in the accounting records of the company." Accounts were juggled in the most fantastic way in order to show a profit. Had consistent accounting practices been observed, the company would have shown a loss from the first day of its organization in January of 1929, the auditor's report said. At the same time a petition was filed in Federal Court, asking for leave to intervene in the receivership proceedings, charging a rake-off of \$78,900,599 to Insull's friends and intimate associates who, it is charged, received prior rights to purchase stock.

The second reason for the collapse was Insull's blind optimism. It has been said, with some authority, that if expansion had stopped, following the crash of October, 1929, it might have been possible to fund the Insull loans. Instead, Insull looked from day to day for the miraculous return of prosperity. He gave out numerous statements belittling those who foresaw a serious depression and predicting a rapid return to the lush period of 1928. With this fixed belief, he went more and more deeply into debt.

This is the third and the direct reason for Insull's collapse—his borrowing at the banks. Able to think only in terms of expansion, he again and again obtained enormous sums. Recently a suit was filed which discloses that Insull, in his desperation, took sound investments that secured debenture bonds of Insull Utility Investments and pledged them to the banks for loans of \$45,000,000. Holders of the debentures maintain that both Insull and the bankers were aware that a prior claim prevented the pledging of these stocks—Commonwealth-Edison, People's Gas and Light, Public Service—as collateral. The General Electric Company is named in this suit, with the largest

banks in Chicago, the Continental Illinois, the First National, Charles G. Dawes's Central Republic Bank and Trust Company, and others. These loans represent the last hysterical effort to stave off ruin; to forestall other obligations that fell due after the Insull structure had begun to feel the withering effect of a major depression.

There were payments to be met on a huge loan which Insull had obtained in order to win once and for all sole and absolute dominance of his properties. Fear that he would lose personal control had become in late years the ruling motive of his life. It led him into what was doubtless the chief error of his career. The stock of the three Chicago utilities, Commonwealth, People's Gas and Light and Public Service, was being absorbed and withdrawn from the market in larger and larger blocks. For a long time Insull was worried by this mysterious absorption, which reached such proportions as to threaten his control; he began to fear that it was part of a concerted movement to capture his domain. Diligent research at last disclosed that the stock was being purchased by Cyrus S. Eaton, a Cleveland financier. Ostensibly Eaton was making these purchases on behalf of the investment trust that he had organized, Continental Shares, Inc.

After a lengthy correspondence, Eaton came to Chicago at Insull's invitation. For an objective observer, that should have been a most instructive interview. Eaton began life as a Baptist minister in Canada and he has retained many of the airs and graces of his first calling; large and impressive, with a lofty brow, there is about his eyes still the mystic, unctuous gleam of a reverend gentleman. On the other side of the table sat Insull, compelled for the first time in many stubborn, autocratic years to display some diplomacy, some tact and guile. It is said that throughout the interview between these two titans of finance, Eaton led Insull to believe that he was merely representing, in his stock operations, the powerful New York bank which Insull so feared. Certainly Insull appears to have been under powerful compulsion. He pledged at the banks stocks that had a market value of \$440,000,000 for a loan of \$110,000,000. He bought Eaton's stock at a price that represented to Eaton a profit of \$20,000,000. He paid \$28,000,000 for one block of the Eaton stock when it was worth at the market only \$25,027,425.

This was in 1930. The Insull stocks had, on the whole, held up very well. Insull's optimism was so boundless that he arranged to have a part of this loan fall due within two years and the balance at short intervals thereafter, until, at the end of ten years, it should be entirely paid off. If it had been a trap, planned and laid with the utmost care and skill, it could not have been more successful. For two years stock values sagged. There came the precise spot on the bankers' careful graphs when the value of the stock no longer equaled the face

value of the \$110,000,000 loan. That moment signaled the end of Insull.

There was a fight, of course, but from the first it was desperate and futile, resulting only in further loss; a struggle from day to day to meet a thousand and one financial obligations, all incurred on the assumption that the depression would end no later than the latter part of 1930. All of Insull's financing from 1928 to 1931 was posited upon an expansion of the electrical industry such as occurred in the decade following the War. The order went down the line through the innumerable Insull offices, from the last sales manager to the newest office boy: "Sell stock if you want to hold your job." Dollars came out of cracked teapots, and uncles, cousins and aunts heeded anxious pleas. But these were only drops of water in the receding ocean. Insull spent the six months prior to the receivership in a series of frantic interviews with bankers in New York and Chicago, pleading and begging as the end drew near. The bankers did not recognize him in the role of humble supplicant.

Not even a miracle could have saved him in the last months, January, February and March of this year, and he must have known it as he hung on and made the final, futile gestures. Such a small sum was needed—altogether about \$40,000,000. Ten millions would have saved the Middle West Utilities Company for the time being. But there were future short-term obligations which the company would be unable to meet, and receivership was inevitable. This one company controlled public-utility properties serving 4,471 communities in thirty states and Canada.

In its initial phase the receivership had a farcical aspect. Insull, whose scalp was one of the first objectives of the bankers holding the whip-hand, was allowed as a temporary, face-saving device to serve as one of the three receivers. But this was not for long. Discovery of the appalling condition of the Insull holding companies made it essential that he resign. His very presence in Chicago was a handicap to those who were trying to salvage the wreck. It required three hours to sign the official resignations. He had been a director in eighty-five companies, chairman of sixty-five, president of eleven. The three Chicago operating companies have a vague pension plan for employees above a certain rank; Insull was voted the maximum pension, \$6,000 a year, by each of these companies.

There were many rumors of investigation. The Senate Committee on Banking was asked to look into the Insull collapse. But it was not long after the Chicago failure that this Committee closed its hearings, although it had received a continuing appropriation of \$50,000. It was rumored in Chicago that political influence had prevented the Insull investigation, and it is true that certain committee members are dissatisfied with the way in which the hearings were conducted. Senator Norbeck, chairman, has indicated that he will launch an investigation after the election. Banking

interests in New York and Chicago and persons close to the committee have no desire for it; those who have taken over the Insull properties prefer silence. But a senatorial investigation would serve at least one wholesome purpose; it would clear the air of the cloud of rumors that still persist; and it would remove the widespread public suspicion that the truth is being concealed. When a top-heavy building collapses, to the serious obstruction of the highway, the first person to be summoned is the public building inspector. So far as is known, no public authority has as yet examined the entire nature of this financial ruin; the cries of the victims who were caught beneath it demand that this, at least, be done.

For a time, Insull lingered in Chicago. It was gossip on the street that he rode in a bulletproof limousine, guarded night and day by four detectives. There was, however, little apparent hostility toward him. As one of the Insull executives put it: "If this had been an isolated failure, we'd have had to have every office manned with machine guns, but as it is, for most of the small losers, it's only one of many blows and they seem to accept it fatalistically."

A short time after word of the demand on the Senate Banking Committee for an investigation reached the Insull offices, he sailed for Europe. Accosted by a Chicago Tribune reporter as he docked in France, he denied his identity, but later, in Paris, he admitted it. He has a retreat near Reading, England, a small manor house that was modernized several years ago. Here, it is understood, the Insulls will live on his \$18,000 annual pension. And those closest to him insist that this is all he has left; that he staked not only his own fortune, but the holdings of his wife and son on his own judgment. Samuel Insull, Jr., still holds the offices in the Insull companies which he held when his father was forced to step out. He is a handy young man who knows the utility business; perhaps he will be allowed to stay on.

MARQUIS W. CHILDS.

Remember Maine

AMONG those present in Elmer Durkin's news store that chilly September night were Lester Quigley, the bookkeeper, and that popular drug-gist, Chester A. Donner.

"One thing about the tobacco and newspaper racket," Elmer said, "is you meet so many interesting people. How's business by you, Quig? Has the Hoover prosperity wave swamped you any yet?"

Thus cornered, Mr. Quigley had to admit that the better day had not as yet dawned in the Wop-pington Supply Company.

"Everybody is more hopeful, though," he said.

"The Wall Streeters are coming out of the heeby-jeebies, if that cuts any ice."

"Not in my young life it doesn't," the druggist growled. "Trade is absolutely flat."

"Most everybody I talk to hands me that line," said the newsdealer. "They've bit on so many of those phony tips that they won't believe any good news till it busts in their own face. All they know is what they read in the pay envelope."

"The political dopesters have been telling us all along that Hoover can have his lease renewed if trade gets better; otherwise he's sunk. Well, there's been some improvement, but nothing the average man can see with the naked eye. Now here we are only six weeks from the big chooseday and how's chances of many guys' snagging jobs by November or farmers getting real money for their grain? Not so hot. It listens to me like the Great Saver was about a year late in doing his stuff. We've already reached the deadline. People don't crave any cheerio chatter from the rainbow division now. All they want to know is, when do we eat? Am I right or am I only right?"

"It looked that way in Maine."

"You called the turn there, Chet. Those down-easters live off of spuds, lobsters and tourists and all those noble industries are shot. The G. O. P.'s can alibi about local squabbles and prohibition and Gene Tunney's box-office appeal, but they can't laugh it off that one of their safest states went haywire and flopped over to the other tent. That's a sock in the jaw in any language."

"I don't see that Roosevelt has made a very strong campaign," said Lester. "Nothing like Smith. I didn't vote for Al myself, but I admire his courage."

"I string with you there, Quig. I'd like to get wised up how a candidate feels about things, but I know when I'm licked. Al Smith made himself pretty clear in that war. The voters loved him for it and gave him eight states to remember them by. Now look at the other side of the picture." Elmer counted the people's choices on his fingers. "Harding, Coolidge, Hoover—they all breezed in under wraps and none of them would touch a live issue with a rubber glove."

"If Franklin D. is playing them pretty close to his vest button, he's just stealing Republican stuff. The farm-relief spiel at Topeka sounded fine, but half the pieces of the picture puzzle were missing. He saved the railroads at Salt Lake and silver at Butte, but he put over his fast ones in the water-power talk in Portland. On the bonus he's as mum as Hoover is on prohibition. Those contenders ought to make a gentlemen's agreement to sidestep the same issues."

"Maybe the Hyde Parker is too cagey, but that's a sign he's on the up and up. If you know your football, it's the lads on the short end that heave wild forward passes all over the scenery in the last frame. This baby acts like a man who is playing on velvet."

"Do you think he is?" asked the reliable druggist.

"Sanders says there has been a steady sweep towards Hoover, but he doesn't give any examples. My hunch is that you can slip that in reverse. F. D. was at his low right after he copped at Chicago. The Smith fans were good and sore and the Hearst-McAdoo dicker smelled sour to one and all. Then Cactus Jack let loose a flock of decibels that made him look like Heaven's gift to the Grand Old Party, especially on the Eastern front. The G. H. Q. doped it that the Chief would sit pretty tight, send out the Number 2 road troupe and score on Democratic errors."

"In the next picture the Great Humanitarian was driving out the B. E. F. boys with bayonets and gas bombs. They've been trying to explain that one ever since, but it still rates among the seven blunders of the world. You can put that down with Taft's Winona speech and Charley Hughes's trip to California."

Elmer now made an uncouth noise like Ed Wynn.

"So-o-o. Pretty soon the hero gets up and speaks a piece entitled 'The boy that made good.' It was a wow with the faithful, but if I'm any judge it left the rankers and filers sitting on their hands. It didn't matter much because the Governor now had a gooey mess of Walker on his hands and he could take his choice between the frying pan and the fire."

"There's where Franklin D. drew another break. Jimmie turned out to be just a shifty little guy that was caught with the goods and couldn't take the rap. Tammany was plenty wrathful, but nobody expects them to give James another whirl. So Walker gets the ozone and Roosevelt gets attaboys for being a square shooter. Did he gain or lose and how much?"

"It might lose him New York," said Quigley.

"It will cramp his style along the main stem," Elmer admitted, "but it draws dividends up above the Bronx. Also in the U. S. of A."

"This is a Republican country."

"You're still thinking about that six-million profit in 1928, Quig. They booted that away in two years. They might get some of it back, but there's some pretty frigid dogs along the Potomac tonight. George Moses has been casting a gloomy orb over the landscape and the best he can slip the Chief is a majority of twenty-two in dear old Electoral College."

"I dope this as pretty tight, myself. Since the Maine thing, Farley claims all the states there are, but I bet he'd settle for 55 percent of the gross. The Literary Digest straw voters start by giving the New Yorker a shade except along the East Coast, where he trails."

"Then you think he'll win?" asked Chester A. Donner.

Elmer sidestepped as neatly as a nominee.

"If I was one of the White House help, I'd practise warbling a new song. 'Goodbye, Herbert: hello, Frank.'"

FELIX RAY.

Washington Notes

Hoover's Luck—The Who's Who and Literary Digest Polls—Donovan and Macy—"Men of Mystery"

THERE have been few things to comfort the inner circle of Hoover adherents in the last few weeks. On the contrary, one untoward incident after the other has happened, until the stage was reached a day or so ago when one of the most loyal, devoted and alert of the administration advisers threw his hands in the air and exclaimed, "It just can't last—we've got to get a break some time." That, however, is what some of Hoover's friends have been saying for the past two years. Consistently they have attributed his unpopularity to bad luck. Without stopping to argue that a considerable part of what they call bad luck has been political ineptitude and either White House or Committee blundering, it is certainly true that misfortune has dogged his steps and that chance has seemed against him. For example, I do not suppose it can be considered his fault that the railroad executives should again bring up the question of a reduction in the wages of the men right in the middle of the campaign. The word now is that there will be no action until after election, but the threat has been made and the men know it will be put through. The tendency, of course, is to create further anti-Hoover feeling and engender a deeper resentment against the Reconstruction Finance Corporation for making liberal loans to the roads just when these are preparing to deal so cavalierly with their men.

On the other hand, neither the Maine result, the Who's Who poll by the Republican Committee or The Literary Digest's straw vote can be considered matters of chance. They may show the hand of Fate, but they are not luck. Do not think that in this statement I overlook the fact that the Who's Who poll showed an extremely favorable majority for Hoover. So far as the masses of the voters are concerned, that fact prejudices them against him, and the general opinion is that it was a stupid piece of politics to take the poll and publish the result. The plain truth is that the Republican campaign management has for many years been almost unprecedentedly unskillful and ineffective. There seems to be no real directing head and no clear idea of what to do. The trouble is that the chairman of the Committee is a hack Indiana politician who has no initiative, force or power of decision. And since there is no real board of strategy in Washington, practically all the actual decisions have had to be put up to Mr. Hoover himself, the last person who wants to make them or ought to make them.

Perhaps that explains why his campaign still lags. Right after the Maine upset he became energetic and insisted upon increased activity all down the line. There was to be a general Republican rallying of resources. It has, however, signally failed to develop. One reason, I suppose, is the lack of oratorical material. Except for Mr. Mills, no really effective speaker on the Hoover side has so far materialized. In the opinion of the most worth while among the President's intimates, there are but three men who can

really help Mr. Hoover stem the tide which seems running against him with a force hard to estimate. One of these is himself, another Calvin Coolidge and the third is Senator Borah.

As for himself, he is now expected to make three speeches—the first on October 4, in Iowa. It may be that he can create in that speech the same favorable reaction as in his August 11 speech of acceptance. Or he may not. Certainly he could hardly pick out a state that needs toning up more than Iowa, where the farmers are said to be seething with anti-administration feeling and where the unpopularity of the Hoover Farm Board is intense. That he is going out of Washington to speak at all is evidence of the belief that the outlook for the Republican ticket is not so good. If they did not believe that, they would be blind. Announcement has been made that Mr. Coolidge will take the stump and make one, two or three speeches. Perhaps he will, but not without a good deal of pushing. That canny gentleman, having discovered that he can get \$1 a word for the enunciation of his views in a magazine, prefers not to waste them upon the air, and I will believe in these stump speeches of his when he makes them. As for Mr. Borah, the idea that he ultimately will fall in line for the Hoover-Curtis ticket may be well founded, but at the present writing if there has been anything upon which to base this view I have missed it. Mr. Borah works in mysterious ways his wonders to perform, but there will, I think, have to be a considerable alteration in his present feeling before he can be persuaded to come out in the open with a pro-Hoover speech.

One encouraging thing from the Republican standpoint—and about the only one I can recall—is the apparent reconciliation between Colonel William J. Donovan and Mr. Kingsland Macy, by which the Donovan nomination for Governor of New York is practically assured. Donovan's nomination, it is generally agreed, will help the Hoover ticket. He is easily the strongest available candidate for the Republicans and his selection does more to bring together the Macy-Hilles faction and the so-called federal group than anything else.

Exactly how the reconciliation was effected is not clear, but the information that comes here is to the effect that Mr. Macy did not yield until he was quite convinced that, if elected, Colonel Donovan would not be influenced, dominated or guided by the national administration—particularly by Secretary of the Treasury Ogden L. Mills, between whom and Mr. Macy there is no love whatsoever. Apparently Colonel Donovan gave the necessary assurances along this line and yet there is no doubt that Mr. Mills and the administration forces were for Colonel Donovan when Mr. Macy and Mr. Hilles were using every effort to block his selection. The Buffalo candidate, whose presence in the field so greatly embarrassed the Donovan candidacy, has withdrawn, but they have yet to clear the road of the Honorable Trubee Davison, Assistant Secretary of War, the real motive back of whose entrance still remains shrouded in mystery. However, there will not be great difficulty about that. Perhaps they may nominate young Davison for United States Senator against Senator Robert Wagner, thus giving him some valuable political experience in how to conduct himself in a losing fight. The main point, how-

ever, is that it helps Hoover in New York to have this gubernatorial mess straightened out by agreement on Donovan—and for that his friends and well wishers are thankful.

In the meantime the Democratic campaign seems to retain its impetus. Mr. Roosevelt may not have made himself many votes on his Western tour, but at least he lost none. There has been considerable disappointment among progressives at his failure to be a little more concretely liberal in his speeches on the railroads and the public utilities. It is recognized, however, that the Democratic strategy is to get support from the conservative East, without which the election of their ticket would be hard to obtain. Accordingly, the disposition is to forgive Governor Roosevelt if he does not plunge so far to the left that the Republicans could raise the same sort of radicalism cry they did in the Bryan campaigns. By the time this piece appears in print he should be back in Albany, ready for the state convention. Interest here will largely center upon Mr. Smith, who, it is now said, will reserve any statement he may have to make on the national candidates for that occasion. It seems to me that Mr. Smith's statement is rapidly getting less and less important, and it was not without significance that word was sent to him from Massachusetts that it was no longer regarded as essential for him to speak there.

Anyhow, these "men of mystery" in politics, these gentlemanly oracles who surround their attitude with such thick layers of secrecy, who refuse to commit themselves or let it be known what are their intentions—and among them I include both Mr. Smith and Mr. Borah—bore me intensely and I think they are beginning to bore a lot of others, too. Both of these politicians know exactly what they are going to do. The secrecy promotes newspaper speculation and gives their ultimate pronouncement a far greater news value than it would otherwise have. My own opinion is that full knowledge of this is the real reason for their mysteriousness. The ridiculous thing is the way the newspapers contribute, by playing this sort of publicity game for them.

Washington.

T. R. B.

Child Labor in the Jungle

Here Today, by George Oppenheimer. Ethel Barrymore Theatre. September 6, 1932.

THE TITLE I have given this note on the play that Mr. Oppenheimer has written, Mr. George Kaufman has touched up or staged or whatever you want to call it and Miss Ruth Gordon has starred with herself, is intended for the civic, ethical, communal, even missionary, minded; to urge perhaps a little more on their attention the fact that art, too, involves these matters of civilization, social conditions, et cetera—we have as yet, so far as I know, no committees, leagues or unions of Et Cetera. This new comedy is a good example of the curious adequacy, native brightness, naïve wickedness, uncertainty and barbarism that makes up so much of our theatre. If the critic shows himself a tiresome highhorse taking such a piece thus seriously, what of it? Brethren in the theatre—these include the critic also—must bear them one an-

other's burdens, among which is boredom. There is enough talent in this event and enough shortage of tone and direction in our theatre not to be passed over.

The theme of "Here Today" is an old one: the gypsies come to steal away their own; in Ireland it is apt to be the leprechauns and fairies; elsewhere it is Pierrot, Harlequin and Columbine; and in our play it is the story of a young woman writer, Mary Hilliard, successful, once married to Philip Graves, who is a drifting fellow, some time ago separated from her, after their term of married love and sufficient-to-the-day way of living and gin parties and fun. She now drifts about with a drifter, faithful but never yet winning her love. These three have drifted to one of the newer places to drift to, Nassau. To Nassau have come also Claire Windrew and her brother Jeffrey; they have taken a house. Her mother and the fiancé are arriving. Claire meanwhile has played dangerously about with Philip, and at a party with drinks they have become engaged; she must break off her engagement. The mother arrives. Being Boston, a Thackeray dowager, used to her own will, rich, speaking good English, socially exclusive, she is naturally, as the play goes, absurd; and every one of the speak-easy, wisecracking gypsies is entitled to rag her, run over her and drink up the house. Their first intention is to help Claire out of the engagement with the conservative, getting-on, socially desirable Boston fiancé. This, later on, changes to the scheme of Mary Hilliard and her pal for getting Philip loose from Claire, who is not like them and whom he does not really love. In fact, he and Mary find that they love each other still. A trick is played on the fiancé. Mrs. Windrew is led to believe that he has had an affair with a chorus girl. They have written compromising matter in a book that the fiancé carried in his hand. The book turns out to be the brother's, his mother assails her son, he confesses. The fiancé will not allow the sacrifice, he confesses also. Both are in disgrace and Philip is therefore left more engaged than ever. The son lets it out that his mother once had a rival, a lady in Detroit; and Mary Hilliard, after having already tried making Philip a Jew and other plausible grounds for Mrs. Windrew's repulsing his connection with the family, remarks to Mrs. Windrew on Philip's mother, such a clever woman in Detroit. The mother, in a rage, takes back her daughter's Boston fiancé and Claire, already knowing but too well in her heart that she and Philip have little in common, makes her exit, sad and wise.

The story as a story is effective and good enough, with a hundred possibilities. As the play, or the total production, turned out, it lacked only taste, the indication of some conception of a society to serve as a basis on which the story could rest and against which the humor could measure itself, and a comment from dramatist and actors as to what they thought of any given character or situation. There were wit and fun and laughter at intervals; but in the foyers and on the pavement outside the theatre even the dinner drunks looked all let down, and you heard people saying it ought to be funny but somehow it was not, not very. The main reason "Here Today" was not more amusing was our lack of any sense that anyone concerned with it was very clear as to when things were rude or vulgar, when it was all gypsy flying and lovable chaos, when the old Boston lady deserved to be routed and

flouted and when not, when this or that motive or line was witty, amusing, cheap or almost poetic in extravagance and reckless spirits. The more you think of this event, the worse you think of it, and the worse you are bored with the rumor put out in advance as to the characters' being diverse persons in the New York writing world. No matter how much pruning or penciling may have been done to the original script—gossip says the resemblances were trimmed down—it is obvious from what is left that the gayety, wit or wildness, based on character, feeling, competition, witty profession or private despair, through which these real persons acquire their following and fame, could never have been conveyed in this play; for the sum of "Here Today" remains uncentered, characterless, leaky and often dragging.

It might be expected that the actors in such a case would have their troubles. Miss Ruth Gordon, who is certainly one of our wittiest players, worked with all the care and concentration that she brings to acting; but her scenes gave her so many off lines and wisecracks to say and banal Bohemianisms to execute that half the time she all but stumped herself. Mr. Donald Macdonald presented pretty much the same young man that he has been for several seasons past. Just now either he or somebody should decide what the scene comes to when he and Mary Hilliard stand rambling over the books and the dowager is left fainting on the sofa. It is obviously a bid for the fruits of a Philip Barry duet, but what does this particular scene come to? It could be played three or four ways, all entertaining; as played now, it is only embarrassing. Miss Charlotte Granville as the mother, in a role clearly defined in itself if not clearly seen by the dramatist in its relation to much else, played capital; both she and Mr. Paul McGrath, as the fiancé, were convincing, moreover, in one important respect: they spoke English in a way conceivable for Back Bay. Putting Miss Sally Bates in the role of Claire Windrew and Mr. Geoffrey Bryant as the son, was one of those strange pieces of stage casting that puzzle laymen so. Neither of these players speaks what could pass as Back Bay Boston or even be called good diction. There must be dozens of recent Harvard graduates around New York, this season especially, who would act no worse and speak much better than Mr. Bryant. Miss Bates, besides her shortcomings in diction, put into the role of the Boston girl a certain effect of self-confidence that took away both the pathos and the fun of the part, the one character in the play where the author saw the implications.

A NEW PICTURE

"Mädchen in Uniform" at the Criterion is a far cry from the Nassau at the Ethel Barrymore Theatre. It is a farther cry indeed from Hollywood to "Mädchen in Uniform"—what puddings of nudity Hollywood would have served up with this event!

This talking picture, adapted from the play "Yesterday and Today," by Christa Winsloe, was produced by Leon-tine Sagan, under the supervision of the famous director Karl Frölich. The English text, inserted here and there, in the course of the German dialogue, is by Donald Freeman.

Long runs in Paris, Berlin and London have been reported to the credit of this picture. And a good deal of publicity has been given to Freudian implications believed—as they say of vitamins and ores—to be found in it. There has been also talk of "The Captive" theme and of censoring. How much of the Freudian there may be will depend on the observer, more or less. Certainly there is nothing new to anyone in the little crushes of girls and boys in boarding schools, nothing new in the favoritisms of teachers, the starved natures of spinsters, now and then, or nuns, bachelor nurses and professors, nothing unheard of regarding the undue extent to which such states of mind or impulses may lead in certain cases. A few years ago when Mr. John Barrymore put untraditional or rather unexpected clutchings and collapses between Hamlet and his mother in the Closet Scene, there were people who said they had never before noticed the Oedipus complex in the play—for that matter you could take a twig of red-berried holly and a twig of the berryless holly and manage so that people could see how unexpectedly sexy is the holly tree. I should say that one of the triumphs of "Mädchen in Uniform" is the way in which, whatever element of the Freudian there may be in it, its every element remains an inherent part of the whole, delicately true as in life, to be discerned only in so far as you may discern it. I feel sure that most people, if not primed in advance, or if not mucked up with private, complicated, Freudian studies, would find here no more implications than in a hundred plays and stories. What is in this German film is a living, warm, poignant vitality; everything is seen in scale, and it is exactly in this respect that the art of the picture is most profound.

The story is simple in outline; it is essentially almost genre. To the school for the daughters of Prussian army officers, at Potsdam, Manuela, whose mother is dead, is brought. The discipline is strict, the fare meager, the teachers vary in theory, sterility, humanity and method. One of them, Fräulein von Bernburg, believes that the girls need a sense of motherhood. It is she that Manuela devotes herself to, with an adoration in fact that takes her words away when she tries to recite before this teacher. The headmistress is stern to the point of military harshness. There are theatricals. Manuela scores a triumph, and hears warm praise from her beloved teacher. At the supper that follows the play, she drinks in her excitement the punch from the other girls' glasses; it is too horrible for them to down it. She is exalted, somewhat drunk, and is shouting about Fräulein von Bernburg's love for her and the present of a chemise, when the headmistress enters. The headmistress considers this event a scandal; she orders Manuela isolated, and that Fräulein von Bernburg shall not speak to her. The child understands none of it, and goes up, stair after stair, planning to leap to her death. The girls, calling her in a hundred cries, prevent this at the last moment. Fräulein von Bernburg, her arms around Manuela, the pupils crowded round, meets the headmistress face to face; there had almost happened something the two of them would have regretted all their lives. We see the headmistress, bowed and broken, symbol of the old order, tottering down stair and passage and out of view.

If I should find any faults with this beautiful film, I

should say, for one thing, that from time to time it is slightly tiresome, however sincerely done, however gentle, sound and right. It has, also, a kind of smudge of notation; by which I mean that the points and progress of it are steadily underscored. Both these, however, are matters of personal taste; and certainly the steady outlining and scoring serve very thoroughly to clear the direction and to set the pattern of the whole. The same security carries into the characters and the scenes, which are all inescapably defined, as is the acting. The Manuela of Hertha Thiele is the perfection of what is shy and young and intense, a performance without a false note, with every implication possible to the role, but never abstract, always fully created.

In this picture, in contrast to many German films with their theory, mechanics and uncertain taste, there are far fewer intrusions of mere photography as such, though the photography of "Mädchen in Uniform" is capital. The unity in the dramatic method of the play itself, the acting, and the photography taken all as one whole, is highly extraordinary.

STARK YOUNG.

The following sketch contributed by a senior in the Columbia University School of Journalism received honorable mention in The New Republic college writing contest.
—THE EDITORS.

In The Park

THE hell with the park," I said.
"The park's the only place," Roy said.
"I'd rather not go."

"There's no place else to go," Roy said.

A weak breeze came down the street and it began to get dark.

"I'll tell you why I hate the park," I said. "There's too many crawling things there. They get on you."

"We won't stay there," Roy said. "We won't be there five minutes. We'll just go in and look around and if there's no one there we'll come out."

"Even if there is someone there we'll come out," I said.

"All right," Roy said. "We'll take them out of the park."

"Any place but the park."

We began walking a little faster; many people sitting on the stoops of their houses enjoying the cool summer air looked at Roy and me as we passed along the sidewalk. Very soon we reached the park. Through the hedges we could see a light shining in a lamp-post; it looked very dim.

"Which way do you want to go?" I said.

"We'll go all around," Roy said.

We walked down the paved lane; we did not stop until we were near the other end of the park and saw two girls sitting on a bench.

"All right?" Roy said.

"You talk," I said.

We walked up to the girls and smiled at them; they looked very pleasant, new-looking pocketbooks on their laps and their hair very flat.

"Hello, girls," Roy said. "All alone?"

The girls looked up at us and then looked down again and straight before them.

"Because if you are you shouldn't be," Roy said.

"Just like us," I said. "We're alone too. But we shouldn't be."

The girls did not look at us.

"Come on, girls," Roy said. "Let's go for a little walk. Don't you want to have a nice time tonight?"

"You'll have a swell time with us," I said.

"Pretty girls like you shouldn't be alone," Roy said.

"Pretty girls like you should be with handsome fellows like us," I said.

The girls did not look up but sat very still, their pocketbooks very new-looking on their laps. Roy and I looked at each other: we felt that we were not getting along well.

"What's the matter?" Roy said. "Can't you answer?"

One of the girls looked up at Roy with hate in her eyes and made a dull noise in her throat. The other girl began to sniffle quietly, and looking at her I saw that she was crying.

"What the hell is this?" Roy said. "What the hell's the matter?"

"For Christ sake," I said.

The girl who had given Roy that look of hate took the other girl's hand and both of them got up and walked down the paved lane. Roy and I followed a short distance behind them.

"What the hell is this?" Roy said.

Near one of the park exits the girls stopped; we stopped also. There was a lamp-post at the exit and in its light the girls looked very thin. The girl who had looked at Roy as if she hated him clapped her hands and the other girl looked at her. The first girl began making motions very fast with the fingers of her right hand; the second girl nodded and raised her hand and slowly made motions with her fingers. Then the girls went out of the park; they did not look back at us.

"Christ," Roy said.

"They can't speak," I said. "They're dumb."

"That's why they didn't answer us," Roy said.

"They couldn't answer us."

We began walking slowly out of the park.

"They must have felt awful," Roy said.

"They must feel awful all the time," I said.

"I'll bet they wanted to go with us and couldn't tell us."

"That must happen to them lots of times," I said.

We walked slowly.

"I bet they don't enjoy themselves at all," Roy said.

"I don't know," I said. "They have their own fellows who are like them. They have their own crowd."

"I don't think these do," Roy said.

"They must."

"They wouldn't have been alone, then," Roy said.

"They'd have had fellows with them, then."

"That's right too."

Now it was very dark. Our heels made clicking noises on the pavement. We crossed a street.

"I guess that kind of spoils our night now, doesn't it," Roy said.

"I told you not to go to the damned park."

EUGENE JOFFE.

C O R R E S P O N D E N C E

The Farmer and the Ballot Box

SIR: The crowd which turned out at Topeka to hear Governor Roosevelt was quite calm about him. There was some curiosity and a fair degree of attention to the speech, but no enthusiasm.

One explanation is that they have all made up their minds to vote against Hoover and are interested only in seeing that Roosevelt isn't too ghastly a substitute. Several good Republicans told me that Roosevelt would probably carry Kansas. A small crop and a poor price for wheat would make protest votes by the wholesale.

Another factor is Brinkley, the goat-gland candidate for Governor. He may beat both regular candidates. As you remember, he almost did it two years ago, when voters wrote his name in. This year he is on the ballot.

For Senator, the dope is that Paulen, a conservative Republican, and McGill, present incumbent (he went in two years ago because Kansas disliked Henry Allen), are running even, with a Roosevelt victory likely to put the Democrat over.

In the House, the expectation is that the Republicans will send back a majority. The Republican candidates, in general, are left-wing men and won't share in the Hoover collapse.

In Iowa, Roosevelt talk is getting stronger. This week the feeling is that the state is really doubtful.

As things stand right now, I am inclined to give Kansas to Roosevelt and Iowa to Hoover by a slim majority. Some good Republicans, however, insist that I underestimate the resentment against the administration.

L. B. J.

Topeka, Kans.

Poor People in Chicago

SIR: On the same day that the morning papers reported that Mr. Secretary Wilbur, after a six weeks' trip through the country, returned to Washington with the good news that he "saw no abject poverty in any of the great centers of population," a final report came to my desk about conditions in the Angelus Building on the Near South Side of Chicago. Secretary Wilbur apparently did not visit Chicago in his search for abject poverty, for there are many desolate centers here.

This report on the Angelus is significant because it pictures rather vividly the misery of so many of the hundreds of thousands of unemployed in our city. Here, in a seven-story building (once a popular hotel) now live some of the most destitute of all of Chicago's great population of hungry and miserable people. Going from floor to floor in the old building and through one dark hall after another, searchlight in hand, one can only think of Dickens and places like Tom-All-Alone's in London during a period of destitution that we once thought had gone forever.

In this seven-story Angelus, 206 persons were living—with 118 children under sixteen. Although the building was once furnace-heated, the families who lived there last winter gave up depending on the furnace and were, for the most part, trying to heat their own rooms or apartments—trying to wring a little warmth out of the bits of "relief fuel" they were able to obtain. On some icy winter days there was no heat in the building at all, and through the long winter months there was never enough heat to warm the poorly clad and hungry people who clung to the old building because they had no other shelter. Families getting coal from the Cook County Bureau of Public Welfare or the United Charities of Chicago were usually burning their coal in gas grates or in charcoal bucket-stoves; electric lights were, for the most part, turned off—and tenants were using kerosene lamps—in Chicago, in the twentieth century!

So dilapidated is the building that the miserable people are most of them sheltered "rent-free" after being evicted from their old homes. (The Chicago Relief Agencies stopped paying rent on January 1, 1932.) Some families, however, still have had "bits of jobs" and "bits of relief" and, anxious to preserve their self-

respect, have tried to pay from two to four dollars a week for rent—"whenever they have it to spare"—during this depression that Mr. Secretary Wilbur assured the social workers in their last annual conference was "good for children." Here, huddled in their misery, were families carried by the United Charities of Chicago, families carried on the relief lists of the great and wealthy County of Cook, and families carried on the Unemployment Relief Service of the great and wealthy state of Illinois.

No agency would take over the management of the wretched building and heat it properly, but coal was given to one Angelus family after another on the various relief lists, and then the unfortunate unemployed man or woman carried the coal to his miserable quarters, put it under the kitchen sink or in the once usable bath room, now useful as a coal shed, and then sparingly burned his allotment of warmth in old gas grates or charcoal buckets or occasionally in a coal stove during the third winter of "unemployment that knew no abject poverty!"

But the old Angelus is now indeed a shelter to those who are weary and heavy laden. The families who live there are in danger of fire, yes, but they are no longer in danger of eviction. The once-dreaded "five-day notice" or the more dreaded "twenty-four-hour notice" is no longer feared. Security of a kind is at last within reach, security in darkness and cold, security in our American form of the "dole," and the old parochial principle of local relief. Further information about the Angelus Building may easily be obtained from the Chicago Urban League, which has made a valiant effort to help the unfortunate people clinging to the haven there offered. Information may also be obtained from the various relief agencies, which are doing the best they can with the very inadequate funds they have been able to get from public or private sources for a disaster that is too vast for any local government to deal with in the fourth bread-line winter which we are now facing.

EDITH ABBOTT.

Chicago, Ill.

Advice for the Socialists

SIR: T. R. B.'s grudging admiration of the "stolid Republican politicians" who are so effective because "they know that Presidents are elected by electoral votes and not by popular majority" set me to pondering on the strategy of Socialist politicians.

"The Republicans," says T. R. B., "waste neither time nor money on states where the set-up is against them." If the Socialists would tear out that leaf and keep it posted before them for the next eight years they ought to elect a President by 1940. How many Socialists or other advocates of a real progressive opposition based on twentieth-century economic realities now realize that a third party need capture but ten states in a compact group east of the Mississippi and north of the Ohio to elect a President?

State	Electoral Votes
Massachusetts	18
Connecticut	6
New York	45
New Jersey	14
Pennsylvania	38
Ohio	24
Indiana	15
Illinois	29
Michigan	15
Wisconsin	13
Total	217

Two hundred and sixty-six electoral votes are required to win a two-party election, but anywhere between 177 (one-third of the 531 electoral votes) and 266 may elect in a three-party race. Hand the 139 votes of the conservative, land-holding South solidly to the Democrats, give the Republicans all the trans-Mississippi, plus the

less industrial Eastern states such as Maine, Vermont, Maryland, Delaware and West Virginia (175 votes). The Socialists' 217 votes will still be sufficient to elect a President.

Every one of the above states is, because of its primarily industrial complexion, natural Socialist territory. Over 20 percent of the people gainfully occupied in each of these states are engaged in manufacturing—propertyless proletarians—who own not even the right to a job, and to whom collective ownership of the means of production and distribution would mean more than to any other section of the population. In none of these states is farming a dominant industry. In none of them does "rugged individualism" or Jeffersonian Democracy express an ideal which its present economic set-up permits of realization. Financial concentration, industrial exploitation and distributive chaos are the realities which exist in these states, and collective control, obtained through general revolt at the polls or in the streets, is the only realistic ideal for the masses now obtainable in them.

The Socialist cause in this country has now gained the maximum growth it can hope to attain by missionary methods. What is needed now are a few victories. Concentrate money and effort on one state, capture a single legislature like that of Ohio, for example, win the mayoralty of one city like New York (what an opportunity now, in view of the Walker fiasco), and the party will add more prestige to the name "Socialist" than it could by polling four million votes for President so scattered as to register zero in the electoral college. One success is worth a thousand polemics.

New York City.

JOEL BERRALL.

Censorship by Government Officials

SIR: I suspect that I was an exponent of free speech and press before some of the editors of The New Republic were born, and I have not receded. I am, however, almost amazed at your editorial on censorship by public officials, in the issue of September 14.

In the first place, you make damaging statements regarding two of our public servants and others, while admitting that you do so only by "inference," without "basis of the facts," and on what you term "persistent rumor." You surely must realize that you do the damage, whether or not you state facts, of which you admit ignorance.

But let us go further, on the assumption that public officials did object to false or misleading rumor and statement and that two newspapers did release their representatives, because their "usefulness had ended."

If, as you assume, the two men discharged were responsible for the volumes referred to, let us note the circumstances. In the first place, anyone reading these volumes can see clearly that much of their content is the kind of "rumor," largely false, for which Washington is sadly noted and from which all officials of note have unjustly suffered. No one who really knows Washington pays any attention to its rumors.

Second, such publications take unfair advantage of the almost helplessness of a President or Cabinet member, as they well know that they cannot afford to dignify them with answer.

Third, the writers of these defamatory volumes seek the mean safety of anonymity. Is it not at least an unwritten law that anonymous communications are beyond the pale of recognition? If these writers were acting in the interest of the public welfare, they would do it openly—and thus honestly. It is simply another form of "racketeering," for the purpose of personal profit.

Finally, you ought to make sure of your facts and not do injury to men by inference and innuendo. The New Republic might well have a department of research, for such instances.

The worst injury that can be done to freedom of speech and press is to abuse it, as the writers of these anonymous volumes have done and as I feel you have done in this editorial.

CHARLES S. MACFARLAND.

Mountain Lakes, N. J.

[The Rev. Mr. Macfarland is in error that we made a statement—in the case of The Baltimore Sun, Drew Pearson, Secretary Hurley, et al.—without "basis of facts." We stated, in simple fairness, that we did not know all the facts, and therefore that our conclusion was

an inference and not a proved charge. But we did know a large number of the relevant facts, which justified calling attention to the case. If we established the rule of never expressing an opinion in cases of this kind without knowing all the facts, we should have to ignore many important issues and allow many injustices to pass without comment, because it often occurs that testimony of partisans differs and it is impossible to establish all the facts.

In regard to the latter part of the letter we must express a disagreement in principle. No matter what anyone may write about an official, we believe it distinctly is an infringement of freedom of speech if the official retaliates by depriving him of his means of livelihood. Mr. Macfarland assumes that the rumors in question were false, but the same method of revenge is open if the rumors are true. That is what makes it dangerous. The official against whom criticism is directed should not be permitted to be the judge of its truth.

We do not agree that an official is helpless under these circumstances. If he has been personally libeled, he can sue for libel, and if he has been subjected to unjust criticism, he can deny the truth of the criticism.

We agree that it is desirable that criticism be signed whenever possible, but we do not agree that anonymity is always to be avoided. There are circumstances in which authors are not justified in exposing themselves to revenge that would follow publication of facts which they know. In circumstances such as these, it is the responsibility of the publishers to know who the author is and to make reasonably certain that this material is authoritative.—THE EDITORS.]

What's the Truth about Hearst?

SIR: The letter from Fremont Older in your issue of September 14 is a desirable corrective to copy-book thinking. The human race loves white and black, hero and villain, and the prevailing picture of Hearst is silly.

As I disagree violently with that publisher on his darling policy, American isolation, and also disagree almost always with his choice of political favorites, I speak with some detachment. It is a stark fact that my years in his organization were as free as any I have known; that the entering wedge to our association was an invitation to put the case for Eugene Debs before the nation; and when Mr. Hearst found he had been wrong on a matter on which we had differed, regarding Secretary Fall, he was most generous in his acknowledgment; that he was cordial in permitting me to agitate against a sales tax in his papers when they were agitating for it; and I have heard no squeak of triumph from him since I came out last winter for such a tax, on the ground that, although unsound in principle, it (in the classic phrase) would produce the largest amount of feathers with the least amount of squawking.

I am supporting Roosevelt. If he is elected, Hearst will use all his influence for policies against which I shall pray. Nevertheless, why cannot critics of public men use colors sufficiently varied to give some hint of reality?

Petersham, Mass.

NORMAN HAPGOOD.

Exemption from R. O. T. C. Drill

SIR: As college opening time approaches, we should again be reminded of the growing numbers of students who object to being drafted into the military-training units maintained at many institutions. These students either wish to devote their time to courses that are educationally more productive or to prepare for national and international service in courses free from the obsolete theories and methods of the militarist-nationalist groups.

Many readers of The New Republic will be interested to learn that it is both quite possible and highly important for students opposed to these onerous courses to seek exemption. Students who know how to press their pleas are being excused from this form of military conscription each year. After years of experience in aiding such students, the Committee on Militarism in Education (387 Bible House, New York City), has prepared folders outlining the procedure to follow in refusing drill, which we shall gladly send to any of your readers facing this problem.

GEORGE A. COE,

Chairman, Committee on Militarism in Education.
New York City.

Mark Twain Simplified

Mark Twain's America, by Bernard DeVoto. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. 370 pages. \$4.

TWELVE years ago Mr. Van Wyck Brooks published what is perhaps the most remarkable piece of interpretative biography in our literature, "The Ordeal of Mark Twain." Everyone remembers what the thesis of that book was; everyone remembers Brooks's argument that Mark Twain, whose endowment was as richly creative as that of any writer in our history, was inhibited in his development as an artist partly by the suspicious Calvinism of his early training and of his wife's culture, partly by the associated worship of success, of financial prosperity, which dominated not only the frontier as he knew it, but the whole of American life in his age. "For Mark Twain was not simply living the bourgeois life now," said Brooks, speaking of Clemens in the eighties; "he had adopted all the values and ideals of the bourgeoisie. Success, prestige, position, wealth had become his gods, and the tribal customs of a nation of traders identical in his mind with the laws of the universe." But the artist in Mark Twain, though ruthlessly repressed, could not be killed; and the resulting disharmony within him accounts, Brooks contended, for the limitations of much of what he wrote, and for the savage misanthropy, the icy pessimism, that grew upon him, despite his "success," with the movement of the years. "He said," Howells tells us, "that he never saw a dead man whom he did not envy for having had it over and being done with it." An abnormal view of life, according to Brooks, which only some deep violation of his integrity as a man and as an artist could account for.

To Mr. Bernard DeVoto this interpretation of Mark Twain is preposterous, ignorant and indefensible; and he has written a book to demonstrate that Brooks has distorted the facts, misunderstood the man and lamentably failed to appreciate his greatness as a humorist. In general, Mr. DeVoto does not believe in interpretation or in "theories": "Whatever he might or should have written," he says, "has, for me, no importance whatever. I am completely uninterested in what psychology, politics, economics or evangelism may reveal about him"; and, though his book attempts to explain Mark Twain entirely in terms of the frontier and its particular type of laughter, he declares: "I have no theory about Mark Twain." In the latter part of the book he passes some severe judgments on Mark Twain as a writer ("He completely lacked the discipline of art"—which is stronger than Brooks) and on particular works (such as "The Connecticut Yankee," which, he asserts, "is chaos"); but earlier in his book, when Brooks's judgments are in question, he says, *tout court*, that "the business of criticism is description."

Such discrepancies inspire little respect for Mr. DeVoto's logic, and more than once his fairness to an opponent seems almost as dubious. It advances his own case but little for him to speak of Mr. Brooks's "strange thesis"—"that Clemens really wanted to be Shelley" (a malicious caricature, of course, of the earlier book); and he quite distorts Brooks's use of the scene (described in Paine's biography) at the bier of the elder Clemens, when the high-strung boy's mother forced from him a solemn promise to be "a faithful and industrious man, and upright, like his father": Mr. DeVoto speaks of Brooks as associating this scene with the boy's subsequent apprenticeship to a printer, though its bearings are of course far more general, and Brooks makes no allusion to the apprenticeship. It is

certainly true that there are inconsistencies in "The Ordeal of Mark Twain," and that the resources of psychoanalysis are sometimes fancifully exploited: Mr. DeVoto, in one chapter, has pointed out several details in which Brooks is fairly open to attack. But he has nowhere grappled with a serious interpretation on its own merits, and by disposing not only of Brooks, but of writers such as Waldo Frank and Lewis Mumford, as romantic ignoramuses, he prejudices his own theory (for he distinctly has one) in the eyes of every fair-minded bystander.

What is Mr. DeVoto's theory? Simply that Mark Twain is to be taken for what he is, a great humorist; that "he began as a humorist" and "continued as one so long as he wrote"; that, considered in this light, he was born (if I may use qualitative language) at the right time and in the right place; that life in Missouri, during his childhood, so far from being poor and starved, was full of color, charm and romance—that it was, in short, an "idyl"; that neither poverty nor riches really existed in Hannibal, nor any division into social classes; that Jane Clemens' Calvinism, a merely conventional and formal brand, cast no serious shadow over Sam's boyhood; that life in Nevada during the great days of silver-mining was an ideal discipline for a frontier humorist, and put the finishing touches on Mark Twain's education for this role; that the man expressed himself completely and abundantly in his literary career, and that his later pessimism cannot be regarded as "anything but the fruit of his experience." In short, the business of criticism and biography (in Mark Twain's case as elsewhere) is to accept the accomplished fact without comparison or qualification, and to explain it without analysis.

A shallow and romantic theory, of course, and one that results (on the whole) in a shallow and romantic book. On certain aspects of life on the frontier and on its edge, in Mark Twain's early days, Mr. DeVoto is informed and eloquent; on the purely literary derivation of Mark Twain's humor (the tall tale, frontier burlesque, etc.), he makes a valuable contribution to criticism. But, taken as a whole and as a portrait of a complex character, his book is almost worthless. In his eagerness to adorn himself with the scalps of Brooks and his followers, Mr. DeVoto has overstated or misstated everything, and he leaves us with a false and superficial impression of his subject. It is impossible, of course, to accept his view of Mark Twain as merely a humorist and, indeed, in praising the realistic truth of "Tom Sawyer" and "Huckleberry Finn," he himself claims far more for him. "The Innocents Abroad," Mark Twain's first important book, is sprinkled with serious descriptive writing: "Roughing It" and "Life on the Mississippi," as everyone knows, are (by design) only intermittently funny; and how is Mr. DeVoto to account for "The Prince and the Pauper," "The Mysterious Stranger" or "Joan of Arc"—the last of which its author described as "a serious book," which "means more to me than anything I have ever undertaken"?

Mark Twain "boundlessly created laughter," says Mr. DeVoto, and certainly the prodigality of his humorous invention is not to be belittled; but he was a humorist who was capable of saying (privately): "My idea of our civilization is that it is a shoddy, poor thing, and full of cruelties, vanities, arrogancies, meannesses, and hypocrisies." Howells, who knew him long and intimately, was probably nearer to the truth than Mr. DeVoto in discerning "the depths of a nature whose tragical seriousness broke in the laughter which the unwise took for the whole of him."

As regards the "idyl" that was life in Hannibal in the

forties and fifties, Mr. DeVoto himself has undermined his own claim by what he relates of frontier savagery, lawlessness, vice, inhumanity, superstition and intolerance; and as regards its democratic classlessness, we have Mark Twain's own testimony, in his "Autobiography," that "the class lines were quite clearly drawn and the familiar social life of each class was restricted to that class." Chiefly, it would appear, because Brooks emphasized the morbid Puritanism of that society, Mr. DeVoto either denies or soft-pedals it; yet in the same book (published since "The Ordeal") Mark Twain himself says: "Mine was a trained Presbyterian conscience and knew but the one duty—to hunt and harry its slave upon all pretexts and on all occasions, particularly when there was no sense nor reason in it"; and no one can read either this book or Paine's vast biography without realizing how insidious were the effects, on Mark Twain's unstable spirit, of the petty-bourgeois religiosity of his mother and his wife. "In my age, as in my youth," he confessed—he who was the most merciful and the most generous of men—"night brings me many a deep remorse." Perhaps Mr. DeVoto will argue that this too was merely "the fruit of his experience."

In any case, the more important questions are whether Mark Twain as a writer completely realized his potentialities, and whether his negations were merely those of a sagacious elder who had seen "many cities" in his time. Nothing that Mr. DeVoto says on these heads is of much cogency simply because he deals with Mark Twain wholly in terms of the frontier, and thus evades the more important aspect of his career—his appalling immersion, beginning in his silver-mining days, in the mad scramble for money, money, money, that made American life in his age a caricature of civilization. Probably the annals of literature do not contain another equally tragic instance of a highly endowed artist debauched and demoralized (to a point where his very integrity was lost) by the infection of crude avarice.

There is not space here to develop the point, but the man whose idolatrous biographer could say that he "took a childish delight in piling up money," and "liked the game of business, especially when it was pretentious and showily prosperous"—the man who was "frightened at the proportions of my prosperity"—is not to be wholly understood on the ground that he "boundlessly created laughter." Out of one eye (and *that* kept closed more often than not), Mark Twain saw what the industrial pirates were making of American democracy; out of the other, he saw only that everything he touched (as he said) turned to gold—and he rejected, as a commercial publisher, a book arraigning the Standard Oil Company, of which his friend and benefactor, H. H. Rogers, was an official.

Among his manuscripts, says Paine, is a burlesque manual of etiquette; I quote his directions for conduct "At the Dog-Fight": "Let your secret sympathies and your compassion be always with the under-dog in the fight—this is magnanimity; but bet on the other one—this is business." The note is painfully autobiographical: Mark Twain himself—whose "secret sympathies" were intensely democratic—spent most of his life betting on the top dog. If, as Mr. DeVoto says, he "completely lacked the discipline of art," is it fantastic to explain the want on grounds like these? And are we to accept simply as mellow sagacity the reflections of an old man who could write, as Mark Twain wrote on the margin of a page in Greville's "Memoirs": "Byron despised the race because he despised himself. I feel as Byron did, and for the same reason."?

NEWTON ARVIN.

A Thousand Years in Russia

Russia: a Social History, by D. S. Mirsky, edited by Professor C. G. Seligman. New York: The Century Company. 325 pages. \$6.

THIS BOOK deals neither with the revolution nor with the regime which emerged from it. "The transformation of Tsarist Russia into a union of Soviet republics is a revolution of so enormous importance," the author observes, with more truth than grammar, "that of all landmarks in the history of mankind it may most safely be taken as a real turning point." Not wishing either to double the size of his book, as adequate treatment of the Soviet period would have necessitated, or to dismiss the subject with a few cursory remarks, he has refrained from dealing with it. But if Mr. Mirsky chooses to come to a halt at a point prior to that commonly reached in recent accounts of his country's past, he also begins with an earlier period. Indeed, one of the meatiest sections in the book is the introductory chapter, which presents a rapid outline of the pre-history of the region destined to become Russia. The painted-skeleton people, the agricultural civilization of Tripolye, the Fatianov, Scytho-Siberian and Ananyino cultures, will be new to most readers who are not specialists in archeology. Particularly commendable, too, is the appendix, which presents a neat sketch of the physical anthropology of the Slavs and, incidentally, dispatches that figment of the popular imagination, the "Slavonic race."

The subtitle of the book is an apt one. The work is not the usual chronicle of dynastic changes, wars, legislative acts and other so-called historic events; such matters are more or less taken for granted. The stress is upon the effect of geographical and ethnic backgrounds, the working of economic forces, the conflict of social groups, the development of institutions and the acquiring of the more delicate instruments of civilization, such as learning and the arts.

When Mr. Mirsky set to work on this book, his point of view and preconceptions were presumably those one might expect from a man of his background and experience. The son of Prince Svyatopolk-Mirsky, Minister of the Interior under the last emperor, he had served in the White army during the civil war, subsequently expatriating himself and becoming a pillar of "Eurasianism," a pietistic and nationalist school of thought which flourished among the émigrés. As he proceeded, he found himself swinging toward the left, but it was only after he had completed his task and, besides, had studied the works of Lenin preparatory to writing a life of the great Bolshevik, that he became converted to the materialist interpretation of history. Finding it impossible to recast his book, he takes occasion to apologize in his Preface for his failure to put consistent emphasis upon economic facts "as the one and only phenomenon of all historical reality."

Indeed, one brought up on the works of Rozhkov and Pokrovsky, the chief exponents of the materialist interpretation of Russian history, could not wholly accept a book which, like Mr. Mirsky's, has neither the rigid system of the first nor the close analysis of the economic process to be found in the second. A Marxian would be disappointed to discover that Mr. Mirsky, having included the arts within his purview, has made no serious effort, in dealing with the early period, to bring out their social function. He would deplore the generous space devoted to facts of geography, ethnology and linguistics, and would suspect that the remarks on Russia's Oriental affinities were an echo of the "Eurasianism" which the author would later repudiate.

There is no question, however, that the point of view of "social history" corresponds in great part to that in Soviet historiography. Mr. Mirsky shows an appreciation of economic determinism and the mass function of institutions like the Church or the system. Further, he makes much of subversive movements against the established order, whether they take the form of a jacquerie, of religious dissent or of a demand for regional autonomy. His book is primarily a history of the dominant people, the Great Russians, yet the respectful attention he accords to other ethnic groups, drawn into and oppressed by the empire, is wholly in keeping with the policy of the Soviet state.

Mr. Mirsky's scholarship is up to the minute, but it is, on occasion, inaccurate. The chief fault of his presentation, however, is that it is sometimes casual where it should be deliberate, sketchy where it should be thorough. He reveals his subject in flashes rather than in a strong, steady light. One example must suffice. "The starting point of Russian social history," he writes, "is extreme individualism." Yet he fails either to substantiate this statement or to mention the thesis which it directly contradicts: that the earliest social organization of the Russian Slavs was based on a collective form of landholding (known as *dvorishche* or *pechishche*). This failure is all the more surprising since the latter thesis is part of Pokrovsky's scheme of Russian history, which our author exalts as "the most adequate hitherto proposed." These flaws notwithstanding, this is a stimulating book and thoroughly worth the attention of those who would improve their acquaintance with Russia's past.

AVRAHM YARMOLINSKY.

Indian Summer

The Invasion, by Janet Lewis. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.50.

IN 1791 John Johnston of Coleraine, Ireland, with a canoe loaded with goods for the fur trade, journeyed from Montreal to the shores of Lake Superior. Deserted by his men in the first winter, he took refuge in the lodge of the Ojibway chief Waub-ojeeg, whose daughter, the Woman of the Glade, he asked of the chief in marriage. Later he built his house and store by the Sault Ste. Marie; and of the blended Scotch-Irish and Indian stocks reared a family which survives today in the third and fourth generations. By virtue of their mixed blood, the Johnstons were able to stand between their Indian kinsmen and the white invaders, and to their influence may be attributed the fact that in this region the relations of the two races have not been constantly marred by misdealing and massacre. John Johnston's daughter Jane married Henry Schoolcraft, government Indian agent and one of the earliest authorities on Indian language, legends and customs. To John Johnston's house came many visitors, among them Mrs. Anna Jameson, the English woman of letters, at first intrigued by the Indian women, his daughters, but completely conquered by their goodness and charm. To the children of Johnston's youngest son, now old people, came Janet Lewis, as a child, in summer vacations. Through their reminiscences and records she relived, with the imagination of a poet, the whole marvelous history of the family, among the waters and islands, woods and hills, which were familiar to them. Seldom has an American writer come into possession of such a body of virgin ore. Rarely has such material found an artist so scrupulous, so delicate, so reverent.

For Janet Lewis, like Willa Cather in "Death Comes to

the Archbishop" and Elizabeth Roberts in "The Great Meadow," has been content to rely on the values inherent in the material itself. She treats her subject with an exquisite reserve, with no overemphasis or straining for effect. Exciting situations there are—when John Johnston goes to capture Fort Mackinac in the War of 1812, and his home is burned in his absence by American raiders, when the Ojibways meet Governor Cass in council to decide on peace or war between them, and the Governor marches alone and unarmed into the Indian village to haul down the British flag which the war party has hoisted in defiance—but these episodes are treated with the stoicism with which Mrs. Johnston, the heroine of both, regarded them. The Woman of the Glade, later known as Neengay, the Mother, as well as Johnston and other figures whom the author knew by oral tradition and the reminiscences of Schoolcraft and Mrs. Jameson, is as clearly drawn for us as her granddaughter, Anna Maria, the Red Leaf, who was an old woman when Janet visited her as a little girl. The blending of Indian and white blood is the source of a strange dignity and charm in these women. Their names in the soft Ojibway tongue recur as a strain of poetry throughout the book, the Woman of the Red Leaf, the Woman of the Wild Rose, the Woman of the Sound the Stars Make Rushing through the Sky. The whole Indian background is handled with authority, for Miss Lewis knows the Ojibways as Mrs. Austin the Navajos.

Gradually this background fades; the atmosphere of legend and mythology is dissipated like a mist. From that morning of our history the chronicle takes us to its high and garish noon, from the days when canoes hurtled down the glancing rapids of the Sault, to those when the waters are impounded by locks to lift and lower gigantic ore steamers. Nature has been desecrated, but unlike her primitive children, she has not been destroyed. Rocks, water, sky, the terrific cold, the snow, the thaw of spring, the flowering summer, remain as John Johnston knew them, as Janet Lewis knows them, to evoke and vivify the memories of a hundred and fifty years.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

The Hands of Esau

Nicodemus: A Book of Poems, by Edwin Arlington Robinson. New York: The Macmillan Company. 90 pages. \$1.75.

THE POEMS assembled in this slender book might readily have found their place in any previous collection of Robinson's shorter pieces. Neither in form nor in matter has he made a departure from the work upon which his reputation is established. This is of no great moment, but one could wish that in traveling the old road he had discovered more of the old beauties. Too many of these poems are inferior to his best; and of poets who have wrought finely one is continually asking their best.

Here are a number of lyric studies, chiefly of personalities celebrated in history or legend, and a somewhat longer concluding poem—a piece of poetic psychologizing of the kind one has come to associate with Robinson. The sketches of Nicodemus, Sisera, Ponce de Leon and the rest are lyric in the sense of being, each one, not so much an analysis of the given individual as a cry—of warning, of triumph, of remorse. But always the cry is uttered in the tone of the poet instead of in that of his subject. The final piece also has the emotional tension of poetry rather than of drama, though the situation presented is dramatic enough. In almost every instance the familiar melody is too insistent,

the basic fact of character is not sufficiently explicated by the verse. The hands are the hands of Esau, but the voice is the voice of Robinson.

It is of course a poet's distinction to have a voice of his own, but when he is writing poetry that verges on drama (the nearest thing to poetic drama that we seem likely to have), his problem is how he shall weave back and forth between his personal tone and that of the men and women he is representing. It is a delicate business and one that lies, possibly, not within the province of the poet's consciousness. Yet Robinson has himself carried it through more than once, never more victoriously, I think, than in "Ben Jonson Entertains a Man from Stratford." That success is nowhere repeated here.

The piece which I find most satisfactory is neither the title poem, with its anti-climactic conclusion, nor the more modern narrative poem which closes the book. It is rather a seeming trifle, entitled "The Prodigal Son," originally published as a separate brochure in *The Poetry Quartos*, with an unforgettable cover design by Paul Johnston. The poem takes the form of a monologue in which the Prodigal, having chidden his sullen brother for not acclaiming the fatted calf—

For, unless ways are changing here at home,
You might not have it if I had not come—

and for his general mopishness, suggests that the whole episode, fatted calf and all, may have been fate's method of educating this unsympathetic piece of virtue. The poem is not the least melodious in the book and is so pithy as to bear rereading far better than some of its longer and more ambitious fellows.

BABETTE DEUTSCH.

The Passing of Puritanism

Pietism Versus Moralism: The Passing of the New England Theology, by Joseph Haroutunian. New York: Henry Holt and Company. 329 pages. \$3.

A RELIGION is not only a set of techniques by which individual men seek "outside" help to make up for the inadequacy of the natural means at their disposal. These techniques are also the means by which a class as a whole dramatizes and fixes for itself its purposes and seeks to further its common ends. Religions die, too, even when there is a specious continuity. For reasons specific in each case, techniques which have served to whip a class into shape and helped bring it victory, turn with time into stultifying and repulsive anachronisms. One of the most striking examples of this process is the rise and decline of Calvinistic Puritanism. It may be, as Mr. Haroutunian says, that the union of Calvinism with the commercial forces of the seventeenth century, "was a wedlock of incompatibles, effected by their common enmity to the established order." What is significant about this union is that it provided the commercial classes with a spiritual dynamo which served excellently for a time. That it later became incompatible only means that like all techniques it outlived its usefulness and was replaced.

How the Puritans' conception of themselves as God's instruments to do His will; the doctrine of election, which left God to take care of placing them in either heaven or hell while they worked out their earthly problems; the theocratic ideal which suffused the rising commercial classes with a sense of holiness in their everyday business—how these and such sobering doctrines as infant damnation, in-

nate depravity and endless damnation for the unregenerate, functioned in America when Calvinism still had life, has still to be demonstrated adequately. Most of the writing about Puritanism has been nonsense, based upon the presuppositions of the "liberal humanitarian" doctrines which took its place, with no understanding that the doctrines which superseded it were simply new banners for the same middle classes which, in their heyday after the opening of the nineteenth century, could afford to replace their grim superstitions with optimistic ones.

Mr. Haroutunian designates the decline of Calvinistic Puritanism from 1750 to 1830 and its replacement by modern religious ideas as a conflict of piety with moralism. Had he not had a theological ax to grind—he wishes that from the wreckage had been saved the essence of piety: "Man's chief and highest end is to glorify God"—Mr. Haroutunian would have recognized that the process by which every religious technique has declined and others have taken its place, has always appeared as a conflict between piety and morality. The "moral purification" brought in by the prophets of the Bible, the cleansing wrought by Christ, the righteous indignation of the Calvinists themselves at the Whore of Rome—always it has seemed the ethical fighting the superstitious. Conversely, the defenders of the dying techniques appear as the exponents of piety. That the techniques are no longer instrumental, they gloss over by denying that they were ever instrumental. So, too, Mr. Haroutunian, who attempts to find central to Calvinism the belief that God is an end to be sought and not a means. But God, prayer, going to church, singing hymns, lighting candles and the innumerable other techniques are not so much believed in as *used*. Mr. Haroutunian's dislocation of means and ends is not so apparent in his book, but it has conditioned his whole study. Instead of doing the important job of analyzing the interaction of religion and other social forces, he has limited himself to tracing in detail the theological controversies by which the professional ministers accepted the necessary changes from Calvinism to modernism.

FELIX MORROW.

Book Notes

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A BANKRUPT, by Julian Sherrod. New York: Brewer, Warren and Putnam. 134 pages. \$1.50.

This second book by the author of "Scapegoats" is dull and useless except, perhaps, to people interested in security salesmen and what makes them buzz. Mr. Sherrod is an Alabama farm boy who believes in business and in greed as the activating motive of business. He describes the various types of cajolery by which he unloaded bales of inflated securities on various types of suckers, including himself. He went broke, lost his job, and wrote his exposé to make money for the wife and kiddies. He thinks maybe the suckers, including himself, should be given a better break when things pick up and he is selling securities again, racing to "get a good hold on a front tit rather than a hind one"—his own revealing phrase.

BUT FOR THE GRACE OF GOD, by J. W. N. Sullivan. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 220 pages. \$2.50.

Under the transparent anonymity of "Julian Shaughnessy," one of England's most able scientific writers offers further confirmation of Havelock Ellis's shrewd remark that "the hardest facts in the world are emotional facts." Stultified by Victorian inhibitions, his sensibilities outraged and his intelligence nauseated by a barbarous public-school system, Mr. Sullivan's *alter ego* stumbles through fifty years of bewilderment, saved from utter collapse

only by his devotion to mathematics and music. The narrative, although well written, candid and unpretentiously human, leaves the reader with a sense of having been let down with regard to the essentials: in this case the hero's intellectual development. From a man who has followed so closely and intelligently some of the most vital movements in modern physical science, one would like to hear a little more of the adventures of his brain and less of the hopelessly commonplace entanglements of his heart. And the utter absence of any real comprehension of what is behind the present world chaos gives point to the question, How far will a scientific training help a man in adjusting himself to the world he must face?

ECONOMICS

A HISTORY OF AMERICAN ECONOMIC LIFE, by Edward C. Kirkland. *New York: F. S. Crofts and Company. 782 pages. \$5.*

Professor Kirkland of Bowdoin College has abandoned conventions in this economic history of the United States. To begin with, he has written an interesting volume; his quips and epigrams are always pointed and seldom overstudied; his language flows in a beautiful and graceful stream. Then, he has freed his book from the purely political interpretation of events. The causes of the American Revolution, for example, are subordinated to an account of the basic economic development which went blissfully on despite the conflict. Then too, he bravely sets out to organize his material around a few major topics, the rise of child and woman labor being considered, for instance, merely as a factor in the formation of a laboring class. Finally, he has applied a fresh economic analysis to the selection and interpretation of his data. The accumulation of capital, the spread of bankers' control and the springing up of imperialist interests engage his special attention. The study has its chief lapses where sufficient monographic work has not yet been completed, as in the case of union histories. The critical bibliographical discussion at the end of the volume is a learned and pithy guide to what has already been done in various sections of the field.

WORLD POLITICS

THE FRENCH CIVIL SERVICE: Bureaucracy in Transition, by Walter Rice Sharp. *New York: The Macmillan Company. 588 pages. \$3.25.*

It is popular to assume that the French are a logical and systematic people, devoted to orderly procedure and to codes. In this important study, Dr. Sharp demonstrates that these qualities do not characterize the French civil service. Parliament has failed to enact any general *Statut des Fonctionnaires*, similar to the Classification Act of the United States; and, until recently at least, appointments and promotions have been made in a hit-or-miss fashion. It is true that the systematic training provided for certain higher officials has given France "a corps of teachers, judges and governmental technicians excelled in culture and professional competence nowhere else in the world." Nevertheless the overcentralized administrative organization of France produces a "stereotype of which the major elements are a spirit of caste, unimaginativeness, secretiveness, excessive formalism and officiousness." . . . Hitherto American political science has tended to satisfy itself with studying the legislative aspect of governments. This volume is particularly welcome because, in an interesting and realistic manner, it attacks the administrative problem, which is far more important than election laws or parliamentary debates.

THE FRENCH COLONIAL VENTURE, by Constant Southworth. *London: P. S. King and Son. 204 pages. 12 shillings 6 pence.*

In this thorough analysis of the economic and financial aspects of French colonial enterprise, Dr. Southworth assumes that colonization is an economic benefit to the world as a whole. After a detailed statistical study he concludes, however, that from the standpoint of trade and investments, especially in view of the vast government outlay involved, colonies are a losing proposition to France. It is his opinion that the French would be better off, from the economic standpoint, if they turned over their colonies to be developed by either England or Germany. This study has

involved a great deal of conscientious labor and considerable thinking; nevertheless, while it offers fairly convincing proof that the French colonies do not "pay," it does not present satisfactory evidence that the British or the Germans would be any more successful in the territories involved.

FICTION

GREENHORN, by Paul King (Királyhegyi). *New York: The Macaulay Company. \$2.*

It does not matter whether this book, written with excellent humor and spirit, contains more fiction than fact, whether it may be classified as a novel or an autobiography. It is a fine piece of work, rich with a tender appreciation of the happiness and sadness which life offers, in almost equal proportion, to adventurous youth. Mr. King was born in Budapest and in 1920, when he was eighteen, came to this country as a stowaway. Of a middle-class family, young Paul had the courage to contend with poverty, and the book tells the story of his struggle against starvation for first few years of his residence in America. Restive, reluctant to conform to the stodgy rules made by successful people, he went up and down the line between the full dinner pail and hunger, to discover that America is not the utopia naïve Europeans think it is (before they come here), but to reach this knowledge without bitterness.

THEY WINTER ABROAD, by James Aston. *New York: The Viking Press. \$2.50.*

Whoever the pseudonymous James Aston may be, he is a fine verbal caricaturist. With ripe malice he considers the needs, satisfactions and frustrations of some elderly ladies, middle-aged men and young lovers, romantic and perverse—all English tourists living at the same hotel, near Sorrento. Mr. Aston treats each one individually until they are all recognizable by some eccentricity. Miss Albino, for instance, loves mules and dogs more than she does men. The hero, a Mr. Pupillary with curly hair and a yen for literature, throws orange peels into spinsters' bedroom windows and makes love. Far more entertaining than the rest is the professor, who does nothing but talk. His monologues on life and love or on anything that happens to be apropos of anything else, often make up for the lack of developed plot. "They Winter Abroad" is not—nor is it intended to be—a well constructed novel. As a display of wit, keen dialogue and funny situations it is excellent.

A Correction

In The New Republic of September 28, Edmund Wilson, writing of Upton Sinclair, referred to "the break-up of his second marriage." This was a slip of the pen: Mr. Wilson of course meant to refer to Mr. Sinclair's first marriage.—THE EDITORS.

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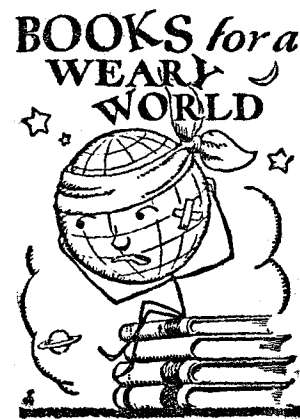
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